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MARIA SOPHIA, QUEEN OF NAPLES

Uns alle hat es belogen,
Uns alle hat es betrogen,
Das sonnige Märchen vom Glück!

Ernst Ekstein.

MARIA SOPHIA

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QUEEN OF NAPLES

A Continuation of "The Empress Elizabeth"

BY

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"Marie Antoniette," "The Empress Elizabeth," etc., etc.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE HOUSE OF WITTELSBACH	1
II.	DUKE MAX AND THE DUCHESS LUDOVICA	5
III.	MUNICH UNDER KING LUDWIG I.—THE ENTERTAINMENTS OF DUKE MAX	10
IV.	AT POSSENHOFEN—DUKE MAX'S ADVENTURE	18
V.	INSURRECTIONS IN BAVARIA—LOLA MONTEZ—KING LUDWIG I. ABDICATES	24
VI.	KING MAXIMILIAN AND QUEEN MARIE—THE WITTELSBACH SISTERS—MARIA SOPHIA	40
VII.	MARIA'S BETROTHAL—THE MARRIAGE BY PROXY—HER DEPARTURE FOR VIENNA AND TRIESTE—MEDIÆVAL CEREMONIES	44
VIII.	THE NEAPOLITAN ROYAL FAMILY AND THEIR DOMESTIC LIFE	51
IX.	THE LAST YEARS OF KING FERDINAND'S REIGN—THE CONDITION OF THE KING AND THE COUNTRY PREVIOUS TO THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE	61
X.	THE ARRIVAL OF MARIA SOPHIA	67
XI.	THE MARRIAGE AT BARI	74
XII.	A CURIOUS HONEYMOON	78
XIII.	FERDINAND II. DIES	86
XIV.	THE YOUNG COUPLE ASCEND THE THRONE	91
XV.	A STEPMOTHER—MOTHER-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW	96
XVI.	FOREIGN POLITICS—THE UNITY OF ITALY	102
XVII.	GARIBALDI COMES	106
XVIII.	THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROYAL COUPLE IN NAPLES	117
XIX.	THE DEPARTURE—THE LANDING AT GAETA—FATHER BORELLI'S PROPHECY	125
XX.	GARIBALDI'S ENTRANCE INTO NAPLES	131
XXI.	THE ROYAL COUPLE AT GAETA	138
XXII.	SIEGE AND FAMINE—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND KING FRANCIS	151

CONTENTS (*continued*)

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXIII.	THE SIEGE IS CONTINUED—A SHORT TRUCE—THE FRENCH FLEET LEAVES THE HARBOUR	157
XXIV.	THE BOMBARDMENT IS RECOMMENCED — THE QUEEN'S COURAGE AND ENTHUSIASM—A LETTER FROM THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE TO MARIA SOPHIA —THE SITUATION BECOMES DESPERATE—THE KING BEGINS TO TREAT	163
XXV.	THE DEPARTURE FROM GAETA	168
XXVI.	AFTER THE FALL OF GAETA—THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN IN ROME—MARIA SOPHIA'S JOURNEY TO BAVARIA — "THE HEROINE OF GAETA" IS DONE HONOUR TO BY THE WOMEN OF EUROPE	173
XXVII.	COUNT LOUIS OF TRANI MARRIES THE DUCHESS MATILDA OF BAVARIA—EFFORTS OF THE QUEEN-DOWAGER AND THE EX-KING TO REGAIN NAPLES —BRIGANDAGE	178
XXVIII.	MARIA SOPHIA DISLIKES ROME—HER STAY IN BAVARIA—MISUNDERSTANDING AND RECONCILIATION BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE — THE QUEEN RETURNS TO HER HUSBAND	186
XXIX.	MAXIMILIAN OF BAVARIA VISITS ROME—MARIA SOPHIA IS ILL—DEPARTURE OF THE EX-KING AND QUEEN FOR VENICE—KING MAXIMILIAN DIES	195
XXX.	THE QUEEN-DOWAGER MARIA THERESA DIES OF CHOLERA—FRANCIS AND MARIA'S LIFE TOGETHER —CHRISTENING CEREMONIES IN HUNGARY—THE KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES HAVE A DAUGHTER WHO SOON DIES	200
XXXI.	THE ROYAL COUPLE MOVE TO PARIS—DAUDET'S "KINGS IN EXILE"	205
XXXII.	THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS LUDOVICA	212
XXXIII.	KING FRANCIS II'S DEATH AND POSTHUMOUS FAME	217
XXXIV.	MARIA SOPHIA AS A WIDOW—HER LOVE OF SPORT AND OF ANIMALS	222
XXXV.	THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON AND THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA DIE—CONCLUSION	227

A FORGOTTEN HEROINE: MARIA SOPHIA.

CHAPTER I

THE HOUSE OF WITTELSBACH

The house of Wittelsbach in Bavaria, which will soon be a thousand years old, is one of the most ancient of the princely houses of Europe. Branch after branch of it has died out, but one limb has always remained, and from this has sprung forth new shoots.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the family of Wittelsbach was split into three branches. The old Elector, Charles Theodore, who died in 1799, was childless, and his successor, a member of the Pfalz-Zweibrücken line, became the first ancestor of a new stock. Being a third son he had not, until arriving well at man's estate, any prospect of becoming sovereign. Part of his youth was spent at Mannheim and Zweibrücken, in great

retirement. He entered later the French army, and up to the time of the French Revolution lived as a colonel at Strasburg, where the jovial man was on terms of hearty good-will both with the military and the bourgeois circles of the town.

In 1785 he married the Princess Augusta of Hesse-Darmstadt; and the marriage proved a very happy one. Augusta became the mother of two sons and three daughters. The sons were Ludwig, later King of Bavaria, and Prince Charles. One of the daughters died as a child; the second married Eugène Beauharnais; the youngest became the Emperor Francis of Austria's fourth wife.

Maximilian's first wife died early. In the year 1796 he married for the second time, and likewise happily. His new wife was the Princess Caroline of Baden. She bore him six daughters, several of whom became queens.* The youngest but one became the mother of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria; the youngest was the mother of the Empress Elizabeth.

The line of the house of Wittelsbach to which Maximilian belonged was again divided into two lines, both of which were descended from the Palatine Christian I. Maximilian's cousin, the

* Of Prussia and Saxony.

Palatine William of Zweibrücken, also had expectations of succeeding to the electoral chair of Munich, for, in accordance with tradition, there could be no doubt that at any rate a portion of the state would fall to the head of the younger branch of the family.

William of Zweibrücken-Birkenfeld had only one child—a son, who was insane, and was under guardianship. At the time that both the cousins were expecting to succeed to the palatinate they agreed that there should be no division of the Wittelsbach territory, but that Maximilian alone should be Elector of Bavaria. On the other hand the ruling sovereign was to treat the Palatine William's descendants in the same manner as his own children. The younger line was to have the same constitutional position as older. It was to have a considerable yearly income and large hereditary estates. William, in addition, received for himself and his heirs the title of "Duke in Bavaria."

The treaty was signed, and Maximilian ascended the electoral chair. Through his adherence to Napoleon he raised his country to the rank of a kingdom (1806). In 1818 he gave Bavaria a free constitution. He was greatly beloved by his people, and was absolutely patriarchal

in his manner of associating with them. Contemporaneity called him "the Most Bourgeois King."

On his name-day, October 12, 1825, he was present in good health and spirits at a ball given in his honour by the Russian minister. The following morning he was found dead in his most modest sleeping apartment, in the Castle of Nyphenberg. Duke William of Birkenfeld long survived him; and it fell to the young King to see that the treaty between the two cousins was maintained.

Meanwhile William's son, Duke Pius, had also died leaving an only son, Duke Max. It had been decided, almost from the birth of the latter, that he should marry King Maximilian's youngest daughter, Ludovica, who was born in the same year as himself. The alliance between the two was concluded three months before the bridegroom completed his twentieth year.*) The Duchess received a larger dowery than her sisters, but her private fortune was administered separately.

The marriage was thus an outcome of the compact between the two cousins while they were yet Palatines of Zweibrücken.

* September 9, 1828.

CHAPTER II

DUKE MAX AND THE DUCHESS LUDOVICA

FAMILY considerations had dictated the alliance between Duke Max and the Duchess Ludovica, but nevertheless the marriage was not far from being one of inclination. The Duke was very handsome, and he was greatly beloved by his young wife. She too was a beauty. The Princess and the Duke had grown up together, and they had always been given to understand that the day would come when they would be united for life. The twenty-year-old Max and his wife of a similar age spent their honeymoon in the Bavarian Alps.

Ludovica's mother, Queen Caroline, lived during her widowhood only occasionally at Munich, spending the whole of the summer at the Castle of Tegernsee. At the time of her husband's death, two of her daughters were unmarried. Both of these were tenderly attached to their

mother, and it was the Queen-Dowager's habit always to have them near her.* Matters in this respect were unchanged after Princess Ludovica's marriage to her cousin, the only difference in the family life being that now the son-in-law was included in the Queen-Dowager's circle.†

Duke Max was called the handsomest prince in Europe. He was slight and refined in build, combining with a natural and distinguished bearing the most agreeable manners, and a winning heartiness which he showed to all alike, irrespective of class or station. Gay and genial, he conquered all hearts. He was fond of society; he was an accomplished zither-player; he composed and sang; but his chief delight was in a sporting and out-of-door life. Though his light-hearted temperament accorded little with his mother-in-law's age and habits, he entirely won her heart. He made it his business to entertain her and his consort, and the Queen-Dowager appreciated to the full the attentions which he showed to her.

The year after his marriage the celebrated violinist Paganini visited Munich. Max invited

* Her daughter Maria married, in 1833, King Frederick Augustus of Saxony.

† The Queen-Dowager died in 1841.

him to the Castle of Tegernsee, and sent his own royal carriage to fetch him thither.

Together with his friend the zither-player, Petzmacher,* Max whiled away the autumn evenings in the country by playing and singing to the ladies. Frequently he arranged concerts at the castle at which the Queen-Dowager and her sisters used to be present from beginning to end, and to which her Majesty was in the habit of inviting all the neighbouring gentry.

"*Frau Herzogin Max*"—as the Duchess Ludovica was called in Bavaria—differed in character from her spouse. Whereas her husband loved humanity in general, amusement, and travelling, she maintained a defensive attitude towards mankind and society. The tumult of passions was hateful to her, and noise and clangour contrary to her nature.

Duke Max admired the fair sex, and made no attempt to conceal his taste. His was an artist's temperament, sanguine, warm-blooded, and emotional. Numerous adventures of an amorous nature have been attributed to him. They appear to be of a quite innocent character, but without doubt they gave occasion to more than one bitter hour to Ludovica. Whatever she may have

* See, "The Empress Elizabeth."

suffered, however, she did not show it to the world; to all appearances she and her husband were always on good terms. Different as the two appeared to be they were in several ways the complement one of the other; his careless gaiety enlivened the tincture of melancholy in her disposition, and her firmness, coupled with a mild seriousness, constituted a support to his mobile character.

Both the Duke and the Duchess loved a country life, and preferred to live far from great cities. For the first three years of their married life they were childless, but in 1831 their eldest son was born. He was named *Ludwig* after the King. The years went by and the troop of children became larger and larger. The eldest daughter, *Helena* came into the world in 1834. On Christmas Eve, 1837, was born *Elizabeth.* The summer of 1839 saw the birth of their second son *Charles Theodore.*

On October 4, 1841, the Duchess was brought to bed at Possenhofen of her third daughter, *Maria Sophia Amalia*, afterwards Queen of Naples.

Two years later was born *Matilda Ludovica.* On February 22, 1847, in Munich, the youngest daughter of the ducal couple, *Sophia Charlotte Augusta*, saw the light of day; and on December 7,

1849, Ludovica— likewise in Munich—gave birth to her youngest son *Maximilian Emmanuel.*

Heavy trials befell the parents through the greater number of their children. The Duke's light-hearted disposition carried him through the great sorrows, but in the deeper nature of the Duchess they left deeper marks; though she, by way of offset, had a sheet-anchor in her strong sense of religion. Whatsoever befell her she preserved an unswerving faith in a Providence who was above the changes and chances of this world, and whose sendings she accepted with resignation and dignity.

It is the hard trials borne for one another that strengthen affection. The mother did not speak of her feelings for her children, but her love for them penetrated her entire being. Her method of education did not bear fruit in the case of all of them; but all of them had a strong feeling of love and respect for their mother. They loved her despite her strictness, and they esteemed her for her sense of duty, even when that sense of duty took forms which did not altogether please them.

CHAPTER III

MUNICH UNDER KING LUDWIG I.—THE ENTERTAINMENTS OF DUKE MAX

THE cultural conditions in Munich during the first half of the last century were relatively very primitive. A new spirit may be said in a certain way to have made its entry with the first king of Bavaria, but for a time Munich still continued to be in intellectual respects a provincial town. Germany's centre had, as we know, long been Weimar—the residence of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Wieland.

The capital of Bavaria was not by half so large as it is in our day. It gave the impression of being almost a country town. Gardens were scattered among the groups of houses. The population consisted chiefly of artisans, small burghers and officials, together with University students and court functionaries. Visitors to the capital—unlike those of these days—were chiefly peasants and

woodmen from the neighbouring districts. There was exceedingly little private entertaining; but the free and unconstrained meeting of the various classes of society in public places resembled Italian folk-life, more especially after King Ludwig's plans for the embellishment of Munich had begun to attract artists, both old and young, to the city.

Ludwig I. of Bavaria, who succeeded Maximilian I., was, in regard to intellect and attainments, superior to the greater number of his contemporaries among the German princes. As a young man he had made himself remarked by his hatred of Napoleon, although the conqueror was his father's friend and ally. Talleyrand, at the Vienna Congress, had called him a gifted fool. He had met with much derision on account of his enthusiasm for everything which came under the head of "Germanism." His repeated residences in Rome became of the greatest importance to the artistic life of Germany. On his accession to the throne he declared that he would make Munich a new town, which should rank so high "that no one shall know Germany who has not seen Munich."

It is to his credit that he not only kept his word, but that he kept it with only a moderate outlay. Thanks to his insight and energy in all questions

relating to municipal economy the finances of the country were brought into a satisfactory condition. Exceedingly economical where his own personal expenditure was concerned, he bought treasures of price for the museums he had planned for Munich. He protected a number of eminent artists and architects. The capital of his country contains in its "Bavaria," in its Glyptotheca, and in its Old Pinacotheca undying memorials of this ruler.

Few princely houses of more modern times can show a record of greater harmony among their various members than that which reigned within the house of Wittelsbach. The relations between King Ludwig and Duke Max were always good and cordial: the two brothers-in-law had great similarity of tastes and character. Both were possessed by a need for activity. The King loved the arts of painting and poetry; the Duke loved and cultivated musical and literary occupations. Both were in favour with the fair sex: the Duke because he was gay, handsome, and agreeable; the King—chiefly, perhaps, because he was King.

It was Ludwig who caused to be given the celebrated artist-balls at Munich, at which both he and the Duke were in the habit of being present. At the court balls the cousins and brothers-in-law were to be seen in lively conversation with the

most diverse groups. There was seldom a concert at the Musical Academy when the royal and ducal families did not sit in a semi-circle close to the orchestra ; and at popular entertainments for the people the King and his whole family were in the habit of showing themselves. However much taken up he might be by affairs of state he almost invariably took part in the many church festivals which the established church of his country—the Roman Catholic—gave occasion to ; and never omitted, accompanied by all his relatives, to visit the churchyard on All-Saint's day.

While Ludwig was building his splendid edifices, Max was occupied in building and rebuilding castles. We shall in the following chapter come to Possenhofen where several of his children first saw the light of day, and which was the best-loved home of himself and his family. In the winters Duke Max and his wife lived usually in Munich, and between the year 1833 and 1835 that eminent architect, Leo von Klenze, built for them a splendid palace in the Ludwigstrasse.

Their high rank and lustre, however, by no means excluded gaiety from the brilliant apartments of the Duke and Duchess. The jovial prince brought life into his great palace by means of balls, to which he invited his friends and their

families. It was a festal day for the young and distinguished world of Munich when they went to one of Duke Max's balls. He himself stood at the entrance to the reception-rooms and handed a nosegay to each of the ladies as she entered, bidding his guests welcome with knightly courtesy.

Fountains played in the great ball-room, and inviting resting-places were arranged amid groups of beautiful foliage plants. From behind green shrubs the orchestra played their invitation to the dance. Old and young conversed, danced, and made merry; and the Duke said the right thing to everybody. When the time came for the champagne he and his guests would make speeches, which sparkled with wit, vivacity, and playful allusions.

In the large courtyard of the palace he had had built a circus,* and in this equestrian representations were given, the ladies of the house and many guests being seated in the boxes From these parents and children looked on at one masterpiece after another. Horses and riders vied with one another in cleverness, and not seldom the Duke himself rode *haut école* on one of his favourite horses.

* See "The Empress Elizabeth."

This riding-school was, in the winters, his daughters' favourite resort; and in it they disported themselves from morning to night. Here it was that Elizabeth and Maria Sophia of Naples learned to become the boldest horsewomen of their time. Here it was that they learned to look on their horses and dogs as comrades and friends.

The Duke and Duchess were in the habit of sending out invitations to a series of concerts to be given during Lent. At these entertainments the great reception-rooms were again transformed into gardens; comfortable resting-places were half-hidden amid rose-trees, and easy chairs amid green box-bushes or under camellia blossoms. Nearly the same society met at the concerts as at the balls. At one time would be performed on stringed instruments a quartet by Mozart, at another the Duke's zither-playing called forth the fresh life of the mountain dweller to the ears of the delighted audience. During the intervals, refreshments were served, and the guests walked about and entertained one another. There was no crush, and the beautiful rooms were never too hot nor too cold. The aristocracy of Munich deemed Duke Max's entertainments the most refined amusement of the winter.

The British legendary king Artus (or Arthur) who lived at the beginning of the seventh century, has been made by the mediæval poets the ideal of a knightly prince. According to their poems he dwelt in Wales with his beautiful wife, surrounded by a brilliant royal household of fair ladies. His custom was to collect together at his Round Table twelve of the noblest of the knights; and to his court, according to tradition, flocked the boldest heroes and knights from all countries. During the winter months Duke Max would collect, once weekly, round his table fourteen gentlemen, after the model of this king, he himself presiding from the head of the table in an ancient king's robe. His knights also wore a particular dress, and a cross, on which was engraved:

"In dieser Rund
Zähl' keine Stund!"

Through a long series of years the "Knights of the Round Table" met regularly in the green hall of the palace, with its gilded folding doors. The viands were served on plates of silver, the drink in large silver goblets. It was the guests' duty themselves to choose in turn the bill of fare. If one of them showed himself to be incompetent in

the selection of dishes he had to be prepared for the blame and derision of his dissatisfied comrades.

The host drew up for the society a list of ten rules. Scenes in costume and heraldic pageants alternated with witty speeches and songs, which were composed in honour of the meeting. One of the rules obliged the members to tell an exciting story or provide the idea for a pageant. Each of them, moreover, had to have a witty poem or toast in readiness with which to amuse the company.

CHAPTER IV

AT POSSENHOFEN—DUKE MAX'S ADVENTURE

THE observer who wishes really to know a plant will, among other things, carefully study the soil from which it derives its nourishment.

The soil in which the Wittelsbach sisters grew up was in the larger sense the Bavarian fatherland, but more restrictedly the country round Possenhofen and the banks of the Starnberg lake.

Spring had hardly made its advent before Duke Max and his family left the capital.

In the immediate vicinity of the lake of Starnberg lies the Castle of Feldafing, the lonely Castle of Berg (whence Ludwig II. threw himself into the lake), Starnberg with its castle mountain, known for its fine view, the beautiful Castle of Tutzing, and many others. Farther away lie little villages, the shore, like a light string of pearls, connecting them with the castles and a number of villas, which artists from Munich

have built in these parts. In between the buildings are visible stretches of dusky pine-forest, as well as lighter groups of gigantic beeches, whose branches droop over the mirror of the water. And the background of this beautiful picture is formed by the wild and majestic mountains.

Here it was that Duke Max and his wife built their summer home. Here they lived from earliest spring till the cold of winter drove them back to Munich.

Possenhofen was known as early as the twelfth century by the name of "Pozzo's Hof." In the fifteenth century it was owned by the Palatine Frederick of Scheyern-Wittelsbach, who allowed a neighbouring monastery to make use of it. Later it passed into the possession of the Elector Ferdinand Maria of Bavaria, and this peace-loving prince made the shores of the lake of Starnberg a centre of brilliant hospitality.

Duke Max bought the castle in 1834. He did away with the ramparts and the drawbridge, and the moats were filled in, thus gaining the large garden space which at the present time surrounds Possenhofen. The building retained its outer form, but the interior was entirely changed: four-post bedsteads, old-fashioned stoves, monster

chests, and the like, from olden days had to make way for the more convenient furniture and appliances of modern times. One or two extra buildings provided space for the ducal couple's guests, a chapel built by the Duke forming the connecting link between the castle proper and the newer parts of the same.

The courtyard and the gardens are to this day surrounded by a high wall, which winds along the banks of the lake. Together with the round-towers this wall constitutes a last memorial of the time when castles were not only the residences of great families, but were also fortresses for defence against the enemies of prince and people. Within the wall towers the great yellow-ruddy stone building. On its entire east side the ivy climbs interwoven, and the fresh green shrubs and trees are well grouped with fountains and flower-beds.

Max and his family grew together, so to speak, with the country by the Starnberg lake. It was here, one summer day, that the Duke brought home his young wife; here they lived their best days, and here many of their children were born. Here they were able to move about in freedom, without the restrictions of court etiquette; here their first impressions had taken root, and they

felt always a sensation of intense well-being on their return hither.

The young Princesses spent the summer days riding, swimming, and fencing, in climbing about the hills and crags, and training their horses and dogs. To the open-air life at Possenhofen they doubtless owed in no small degree their decided individuality. What more natural than that they should come to love a country life, and freedom? They felt themselves at home among the country folk, and it pained them when disparaging words, or unkind acts, fell to the lot of their friends in the mountains. In the latter respect they but followed the example set them by both their parents. The beautiful home of Possenhofen struck deep roots into the quiet neighbourhood; and it became a matter of course for the poor to hasten to "Duchess Max" to seek comfort and help from her. For though her heart beat warmest for her own flock of children, her sympathising love went far beyond the family circle.

The Duke was not only one of the handsomest, but also one of the lightest-hearted and most sociable princes in Europe. It once happened that after a tiring day's shooting in the mountains he entered a very humble inn, in which he

was not recognised. Following his usual custom he brought out his zither, and began to play on it. Some wood-cutters who were sitting in the room were so pleased with his music that they went up to the stranger and asked him if he would play some country dances for money. He professed himself willing to do this, and played and sang to them one *ländler* and *schnaderhüpfel* after another. The occupants of the room were soon in high spirits, and coppers came pouring into the musician's hat.

When the merriment was at an end the zither-player, in the old worn clothes, ordered a repast which was not all what a common man of the people might permit himself. The waiting-maid looked at him in astonishment. She and mine hostess both agreed that the musician was a suspicious fellow who would probably take himself off without paying for his meal, and they consequently determined to keep an eye on him.

As soon as he had finished eating, however, he began to play anew, and the conviviality rose to its former height. Then, as chance would have it, a corporal entered the tap-room ; he recognized the august visitor, and saluted him with *empressement.*

The Duke was not well-pleased to have his

incognito unmasked. To the great relief of the maid he threw a substantial coin on the table, and hurried away.*

* See further on Duke Max's and his daughters' mountain wanderings and visits in the cottages, in my book, "The Empress Elizabeth."

CHAPTER V

INSURRECTIONS IN BAVARIA—LOLA MONTEZ—KING LUDWIG I ABDICATES

THE idyllic life at Possenhofen was broken by disturbances in Munich.

Round about in Europe was fermentation. Revolutionary forces had began to move—forces which were soon to break loose with a mighty crash.

Nowhere did regal power seem to stand more firmly planted than in Bavaria. The royal family were loving and beloved. Despite various peculiarities the King was personally popular, and the Bavarians are a thoroughly loyal and good-humoured people. But here too came the wave-wash from the great democratic popular movement which took place about the middle of the last century. Here too there was disquiet; here also from the depths of the people rose higher and higher the cry for a freer constitution,

and a greater share for them in the government of the country.

The direct cause of the outbreak was truly remarkable: the revolution in Bavaria was literally introduced by—dancing. A dancer it was who set the population of Munich in a state of tumult, and who caused King Ludwig of Bavaria to abidicate the throne. Her name was Lola Montez, and she was a very dangerous woman.

As with a good many notable and much written-about personages, there seems to exist disagreement among her biographers with regard to her parentage and birthplace. One writer describes her as gypsy child, another as the daughter of the notorious Spanish bull-fighter Montez, who would not acknowledge her. A third thinks her to be the daughter of Lord Byron, a fourth has made her the daughter of an Indian prince, while a fifth affirms that she was the daughter of a washerwoman in Scotland. The truth however is that she was born, in 1820, in Ireland—the country of Europe which, speaking comparatively, possesses the greatest number of beautiful women, as also the greatest number of poverty-stricken homes.

If her own notes are to be believed she was the illegitimate daughter of an Irish officer of the

name of Gilbert. Her mother, who is said to have been one of the most beautiful women of her time, was descended from a noble Spanish family —that of Montalvo, which was originally of Moorish extraction, and which came to Spain in the time of Ferdinand and Maria the Catholic. Lola had thus a mixture of Irish, Spanish, and Moorish blood in her veins. At seventeen years of age she married a Lieutenant James, with whom she went to India. She soon, however, broke the bonds of matrimony and returned to England.

At one time she thought of becoming an actress, but her incorrect pronunciation of the English language put difficulties in the way, and she therefore decided to become a dancer. A regular beauty she can hardly have been, but the Graces nevertheless had stood by her cradle : she was eminently the possessor of what the French call *la beauté du diable.* She had quantities of black hair, and exceedingly lively and fascinating eyes, the expression of which would change from the softest gentleness to the wildest hate, and which at one moment could swim in tears and another shoot forth lightning sparks of anger. Her figure was graceful and well-proportioned. Her hands were so shapely that a duchess might

have coveted them, her feet so small that even a Chinawoman might have been proud of them.

Her first appearance as a dancer was in London, but she did not win much applause in that city. Wherever she showed herself later she aroused indescribable enthusiasm. In Paris she came into conflict with the stage-manager of the Grand Opera because she insisted on dancing without tricots. Later on she appeared at the Théâtre St. Martin, in the same city, where the first evening she gave a *danseuse* of the ballet a sound thrashing. The next evening she all but stabbed to death another dancer with a dagger which, Spanish fashion, she always wore about her.

By the help of influential friends she obtained a permanent engagement at the Royal Theatre at Dresden, where she had an immense success and was singled out for compliment by the court. Thence she went to Berlin, Warsaw and St. Petersburg, everywhere succeeding and conquering ; but everywhere also making enemies through her hasty temper and constant use of her riding-whip.

On Saturday, October 10, 1866, she appeared for the first time at the Court Theatre at Munich. Here she at once aroused the most conflicting sentiments. Some applauded her like madmen,

carried away by her brilliant appearance, her adventures, and her former triumphs; others hissed her, scandalised by her manners, and set against her by reports and newspaper accounts of her profligate mode of life. Some of these had even spread abroad the rumour that she was a political agent, connecting her name with that of the Freemasons and of the Jesuits.

Lola took up her position in the middle of the stage; not in tricot or the short skirts of the ballet-dancer, but in a Spanish costume of silk and lace, on which there sparkled here and there a diamond. Her wonderful blue eyes shone as she bowed to the King, who was sitting in his box. She danced Spanish national dances, adopting one graceful position after another as she danced on, all eyes riveted upon her. Then suddenly her mimicry would change from the most burning passion to the mischievous captivating smile of a young girl. All were enthralled as long as she was moving, but when she ceased to dance the spell was broken, and again the hisses mingled with the applause.

On October 14, she appeared for the second and last time at the royal theatre. In order to drown possible expressions of displeasure the King had commanded that policemen in

plain clothes and the technical *personnel* of the theatre should be seated here and there among audience. His precautionary measures, however, proved to be superfluous, for on this evening she aroused unmixed applause.

Ludwig I. was in the habit of receiving all the foreign actors and actresses in audience before they played their parts as visitors at the Court Theatre; and had duly received Lola Montez before her appearance. Her beauty and her interesting conversation entirely captivated the no longer youthful man. He enjoyed her Spanish reminiscences, and her lessons in the Spanish language, which she contrived to weave into her conversation with him. The witty dancer read Calderon's works aloud to the King, and her rendering was exceedingly dramatic. Her royal patron fell violently in love with her, and was never failing in his attendance at her evening parties, annoying his people and his family by his intimacy with her.

The rumours of the power which she had acquired over the King incensed his subjects in the highest degree. A feverish disquiet took possession of the population. The fascinating dancer drew upon herself the hatred of nearly the whole of the Bavarian people. Her behaviour

in Munich was as thoughtless as it had already been in other towns.

The following year she went to Würtzburg with the King, and comported herself in the same challenging manner as heretofore in the capital. She walked about with her riding-whip in her hand, and was not slow to use it when something or somebody aroused the choleric lady's ire.

Wishing one day to walk in the palace gardens with her dog she was refused entrance by the sentry on guard on the ground that dogs were not admitted. The dancer made a terrible scene. The officer on duty was summoned, and endeavoured to make her understand that the sentry was only performing his duty. She nevertheless attempted to force an entrance into the gardens, and being unsuccessful cut the officer across the face with her whip. It was feared to arrest her on account of the King's certain displeasure, but the townspeople and officers of Würtzburg were so incensed that she was obliged to disappear quietly from the town.

Joseph Görres—the leader of the Old Catholics—took up the cudgels against her. The press fulminated, and libellous writings and lampoons were sown about broadcast, greatly to her exas-

peration. She revenged herself by compelling the King to gratify all her wishes, and by drawing him deeper and deeper into her toils.

In order to annoy her enemies, and to procure herself admittance to the most exclusive circles, she induced the King to make her a countess. He could not, however, create her a peeress out of hand, but was obliged to lay her demand before his Ministers. The latter hesitated to take part in her ennoblement, putting forward their reasons in a memorandum in which they expressed the hope that Lola might be banished from Bavaria. The King responded to their proposal not only by dismissing the entire Ministry, but also a large number of their adherents, among them several professors.

In his young days the King's political views had been liberal in tendency, but revolutionary currents in his country had put him too hardly to the proof. As the years went by he became more and more conservative, and the reactionary party had in 1838 celebrated a complete triumph under the Abel Ministry. "The Bavarian Pompadour"—as Lola Montez has been called—had now overthrown this Ministry. More liberal Ministers came to be seated at the King's council-table, and Bavaria gained thus indirect benefit from the dancer.

Her name had long been on the lips of all. From this day forth she became a political personality. The citizens of Munich sided decisively against her; and the new Ministry, which had been formed under her influence, was received with much misgiving.

The University literally resembled a glowing crater. From the rostra displeasure and hatred spread to private circles; to the streets and alleys. Idlers and scandalmongers attached themselves to the students as rust to iron, and marched with them through the streets shouting that the courtesan must be expelled the country,

On February 9, 1848, matters came to a first great outbreak. Lola, whose southern temperament required excitement, sallied into the midst of the raving mob, but the masses behaved in so threatening a manner that she grew alarmed and fled into a church.

The demonstrations, as a matter of fact, had chiefly proceeded from the students. The King, who was hasty-tempered and irritated, commanded that the University should be closed, and that those students who were not domiciled in Munich should be sent away. The Academical Consistory complied with his will, and his commands were posted up on the great black-

board. The following day the students marched in procession through the Carlsstrasse to the house of their much-esteemed Rector, Professor Thiesch. Throughout their route the windows were filled to overflowing with friends and sympathisers, who gave audible vent to their approbation.

The University and the burghers hung together, the latter deeming the King's command too severe. A meeting was held at the Rathhaus, when an address was composed to Ludwig in which it was requested that the University might be re-opened. The monarch promised to give the matter his renewed consideration in council with his ministers. The burghers' request was granted; and simultaneously he informed the public that Countess Landsberg—for so Lola Montez was now styled—had been called upon to leave Munich. "No one shall stand between my heart and my people," said he. "There shall be peace and reconciliation instead of agitation and dissension." He had overcome his passion in order to preserve his people's love. Addresses and ovations proved his subjects' satisfaction.

But hatred of the courtesan was as violent as ever. The street in which she lived was besieged night and day by the curious and the angry.

Her departure, however, was near at hand. On February 11, in the forenoon, a number of policemen threw open the doors which closed the carriage entrance to her house. Before the bystanders had time to bethink themselves a carriage containing Countess Landsberg was driven furiously away. When the crowd came to themselves Lola was gone. She fled first to Blutenburg and thence to Lindau.*

Uttering wild cries the mob rushed to plunder the deserted mansion. The courtyard was despoiled, and the very beautiful windows broken to pieces. The King was informed of what had occurred. He set off forthwith for the house whence his mistress had fled, and which was his private property. Like a lion amid a pack of howling wolves he walked in among the rioters.

* After her banishment from Bavaria, Lola Montez returned to England, where, in 1849, she married an officer by the name of Heald, although James, her first husband, was still living. Accompanied by her new husband she went to Spain, but he soon left her; and she then tried her fortunes in America, appearing in 1852 as an actress in New York. In the summer of 1853 she went to California, where an enterprising manager caused to be written for her and performed a play of which her experiences in Bavaria were the subject. She herself took the chief part, and evening after evening carried away an enthusiastic public. She is portrayed in the piece as saving Bavaria from the yoke of the Jesuits. The King and Queen of Bavaria are also represented, and acclaim her as their good angel. The students side with her.

Happily they had not destroyed his art treasures, though on the other hand they had very zealously emptied his wine-cellar and his larder.

One of those present, a partisan of the King, shouted: "Long live King Ludwig." The wave of opinion suddenly changed, the crowd took up the cry, and they too shouted, hurrah! but their acclamations only in appearance disarmed the irascible King's anger.

The revolution of February had just broken out in Paris, compelling the flight of King Louis Philippe to England. Prince Metternich was obliged to flee from Vienna, where disturbances and acts of violence followed on his departure. In the streets of Berlin the citizens were fighting behind their barricades. Prince William—after-

After a year spent more or less in riotous living she tired of the unquiet life of San Francisco, married for the third time—this time a newspsper editor—and lived with him for a short while in idyllic quiet in a little country town. She is said to have left him later having entered into a *liaison* with a German nobleman, a doctor, with whom nothing daunted, she went shooting expeditions until he was killed by a chance shot.

She then returned to San Francisco, sold her diamonds for ten thousand dollars, and went a second time to New York, where amid great applause she gave lectures on social and political subjects.

In 1855 she went to Australia, where she appeared at the Melbourne Theatre. Later on she again lectured in New York, and died in that city in 1860, hardly forty years old.

wards their adored Kaiser—had likewise to flee his country.*

These events added fuel to the fire in Bavaria. The population of Munich again rose in rebellion. It would have brought misfortune on crown and country had the Government longer been deaf to just demands. The more moderate minded presented Ludwig with an address requiring him to give his country a freer constitution. The President of the National Assembly, Prince Leiningen, most earnestly requested the King to lend an ear to his subjects' demands. The monarch made concessions. The loyal Bavarians were appeased, and the movement of displeasure seemed about to die out. On March 16, however, the street riots began anew. It was said that Lola Montez had returned, and that she was living at Fürstenreid. Large crowds of people set off for this castle in pursuit of the hated courtesan, but she was not there, and a report was then circulated that she was in Munich and had sought refuge in the Rathhaus itself.

The agitators stormed thither; but she was not to be found there either, for the story of her return was nothing but a malicious lie. The fanatic crowds now betook themselves to a private

* See "The Empress Augusta"

house where it was supposed that she was in hiding. The soldiers and officers, as also the students, who were helping to keep order, were attacked. Official notices were posted up at all the street corners announcing that the Countess Landsberg had left Carlsruhe for Frankfort on March 14, and that she had been forbidden to set foot on Bavarian soil. The people treated the information with contempt. The placards were torn down, and the agitators continued their outrages. On March 18, and the following days, Munich was in a state of siege. Ten thousand men were under arms for the purpose, if possible, of making an end of the revolutionary movement. Many deputations sought the King and the National Assembly, which meanwhile had been summoned. The more moderate of the people, who were not among the agitators, awaited with anxiety the turn of events.

Ludwig was unable to stop the demonstrations; nor could he bring himself to agree to a new system of government. On March 20 was published a proclamation which nobody had expected. After reigning for three-and-twenty years the King abdicated in favour of his eldest son, leaving it to him to bring about the reforms desired by the people. "I governed faithfully in

accordance with the constitution,"—he says in his farewell proclamation. "My life was dedicated to the welfare of my people. The State property and the State monies I made use of as if I had been an official in a republic. I can look everyone in the face." He concluded the proclamation by thanking with deep feeling all those who had stood by him, and by declaring that after his abdication his heart would continue to beat as warmly as ever for Bavaria and for Germany.

The population of Munich were astounded and touched at this unexpected step. No one of the German races clings with greater loyalty to its ruling house than do the Bavarian people to the house of Wittelsbach. Many felt themselves guilty for having risen up against one who, in spite of his faults, had been in many ways a good monarch, and who had done so much for the capital of the country—the beautiful city of Munich.

Ludwig after his abdication lived as a private gentleman, sometimes in Munich, sometimes in Italy and the south of France. He associated with artists, and continued to interest himself as much as ever in the embellishment of Munich. Thanks to his kindly manner and his faculty for

witty conversation, he soon regained his old popularity. Several years before his death an equestrian statue of him was erected in the Bavarian capital (1861)—erected by his grateful people.

The former ruler, in all likelihood, never regretted having renounced the pomp and circumstance of royalty. He depicts, in one of his poems, his feelings after his abdication, and concludes with the following lines,

> "Nicht die Freiheit, die er sonst empfunden,
> wünschet er sich jemals mehr zurück;
> Selbst nicht für die Jugend, die verschwunden,
> Gäb'er hin sein gegenwärt' ges Glück."

He died in the month of February, 1867. "Thank all in Munich," were his last words.

CHAPTER VI

KING MAXIMILIAN AND QUEEN MARIE—THE WITTELSBACH SISTERS—MARIA SOPHIA

THE troubled times in Munich, and the change of succession, had naturally been not without effect on Duke Max and his house. The Duchess Ludovica was on terms of the greatest affection with her brother King Ludwig; but relations were no less cordial between the ducal family and the new royal family.

At the time of the purchase of Possenhofen by Duke Max, the Crown Prince Max had bought the Castle of Hohenschwangau, in the same neighbourhood. He caused artists and architects from Munich to rebuild and decorate the castle so that he might have a residence entirely in accordance with his taste. Maximilian had spent the greater part of his youth in travelling, and it was not until Hohenschwangau had been completely altered to suit his require-

ments that he brought home a *châtelaine* to his castle in the mountains.

During a visit to the court of Berlin he had learned to know his future wife. He had seen Prince Charles of Prussia's daughter, Marie, when she was four years old: he saw her again when she was sixteen, and at once fell in love with the pretty princess. In the autumn of 1841 he asked her hand. On August 31, 1842, she was confirmed, in the presence of her betrothed, and on October 5 of the same year the Crown Prince of Bavaria was wedded to his bride.

The young couple spent the greater part of the year at the Castle of Hohenschwangau. The Crown Prince and Duke Max hunted and shot in company. Relations of cordiality and friendship grew up between the Crown Princess and the daughters of the ducal couple, and Marie still continued, after she had become Queen of Bavaria, to be her cousins' friend.

The Wittelsbach sisters were mutually attached to one another; and most of them resembled one another in appearance. Four of them had inherited their parents' good looks. Helena, the eldest, was not so handsome as the others, but by way of offset possessed her mother's reflective nature. Two of the daughters—Elizabeth and

Maria—had inherited their father's eccentric character, but Maria alone had his happy and light-hearted disposition. Taken altogether she may be considered to be the only one of the eight brothers and sisters whom nature had equipped with high animal spirits, and who retained contentment with her lot in life.

She also had the nobility and grace of carriage which distinguishes nearly the whole of this race. In outward appearance Elizabeth and Maria resembled one another more than any of the other brothers and sisters, but the gentleness which distinguished Elizabeth's features had in Maria's an admixture of strength and determination unusual in a face so young.

The five sisters were brought up with the greatest simplicity. Etiquette was never the frame of their outward life. They were in the habit of walking about the streets of Munich without any attendants whatsoever. Their father was constantly travelling and did not occupy himself much with his children's education, except where out-of-door life, sports, and music were concerned. But the mother was always near her daughters. Her ambition dreamed of seeing them in positions of prominence; and her care was that they should be fitted to fill these places completely.

Elizabeth was noted for her beauty. Helena was said to be in possession of great intelligence. The younger daughters also were considered promising and pretty. Of Maria it was said that she was nearly as handsome as Elizabeth, and nearly as clever as Helena. She was warm-hearted and generous, incapable of saying an untrue word; but she was in the highest degree impulsive, caring nothing for the opinion of others, and the mother's upbringing modified but little this craving for independence. Like Elizabeth, she early showed a love of nature, and of horses and dogs, but unlike her sister she was not of an emotional disposition. She showed strength and boldness where others were timid and weak. The back of a horse, the neighbouring woods, and the wild mountain summits, were the playground of this child, who developed splendidly, both in body and mind.

CHAPTER VII

MARIA'S BETROTHAL—THE MARRIAGE BY PROXY—HER DEPARTURE FOR VIENNA AND TRIESTE—MEDIÆVAL CEREMONIES.

The Wittelsbach sisters began to fly out of the nest.

Elizabeth, in 1854, became Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary. Duke Max and the Duchess Ludovica's eldest son gave up, in 1857, his rights of succession in order to marry an actress in Augsburg. Helena, who had experienced great disappointment when the Emperor Francis Joseph preferred Elizabeth to herself, who had been intended for his bride, married, in 1858, the exceedingly rich Hereditary Prince Maximilian of Thurn and Taxis, and took up her residence in Regensburg. The two younger daughters were still almost children; Maria indeed was eighteen years of age, but Mailda was between fifteen and sixteen, and Sophia Charlotte was eleven years old.

Of the sons, Charles Theodore, who after the marriage of his elder brother had become the heir of the house, had not yet completed his twentieth year, and the youngest was nine years of age.

The court at Possenhofen was small and quiet, but it was generally respected; and the Roman Catholic princely houses of Europe were glad to enter into connection with it. In the autumn of 1858 came an enquiry from the King of Naples to Duke Max and his consort whether they would consent to an alliance between their daughter Maria and his eldest son. The two families hardly knew each other personally, and the two young people had never even met. Nevertheless, the Duke and Duchess answered unconditionally, yes.

The Neapolitan Prince was looked upon as a good match. On his father's side he belonged to the Bourbon, on his mother's side to the Sardinian, royal house; and he was heir to an old and respected kingdom in beautiful Italy. The minister of King Ferdinand II., Count Ludolff, arrived at Munich on December 22, and with much ceremonial, presented the official offer of marriage. After the young Duchess had formally given her consent, the envoy handed her a velvet cushion on which lay a portrait of her

future husband. He was represented in the uniform of a hussar, and the picture made a not unfavourable impression.

The marriage was celebrated two weeks later, by proxy, according to the custom of the time.

In the evening of January 8, 1859, Maria Sophia Amalia, Duchess in Bavaria, was solemnly wedded to Francis Maria Leopold, Duke of Calabria and Crown Prince of the Two Sicilies. King Maximilian of Bavaria and his Queen conducted the bride to the altar, and there were also present all the princes and princesses of the royal house, the whole of the diplomatic corps, the royal household, and the highest officers of state.

The King's brother, Prince Luitpold—the present Prince-Regent of Bavaria—represented the absent bridegroom. Like the King, he was on the most friendly terms with the ducal house, and was looked upon almost as a brother by the Wittelsbach brothers and sisters at Possenhofen. After the preliminary marriage there was an evening court, held by the King and Queen. Outside the windows stood a throng of the light-hearted citizens of Munich; and every time the young bride showed herself in all her fresh beauty she was greeted by renewed acclamations.

On January 13 she left her parental home.

Deeply moved she embraced again and again her dear ones. The burghers of the capital hurried after her carriage and blessed her. She had seen neither her husband nor any of his kin. The country and the people which were to be hers in the future she knew but little; the fate she was going to meet was very uncertain. Meanwhile—she was young and healthy. We know that she had inherited from her father a happy and buoyant disposition. Both by character and temperament she was well equipped for the hard trials life had in store for her.

Her brother Ludwig and a few Bavarian ladies and gentlemen accompanied her on her journey. In her suite was also the Neapolitan lady-in-waiting, Nina Rizzo, whom the Duke of Calabria's step-mother had sent her as being fitted to guide her in the new conditions of her life.

The capital of Austria was the first resting-place. The stay in this city was prolonged to several weeks owing to the news that the King of Naples was ill. On January 30 she was able again to set forth. The Empress Elizabeth and her eldest brother accompanied her. She arrived at Trieste with her companions the following day.

Here the future Queen of Naples was welcomed by the Duke of Serracapriola, who had been sent

by King Ferdinand to receive her. He performed his task with so much ceremonial stiffness, so much solemnity, that its effect on the fresh, natural, young Princess from Bavaria was literally tragi-comic: for the moment she hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. The Bavarian envoy-extraordinary, Count Rechberg, then delivered her over into the Neapolitans' hands.

The ceremony took place on February 1, at half-past one in the afternoon, in the Governor's Palace at Trieste. Across the middle of the great room a silken cord had been stretched, symbolizing the separation between Bavaria and Naples. Halfway along the cordon was a table covered with a long, red, gold-fringed tablecloth. On either side of the table a handsome armchair had been placed. The room had two folding-doors which were exactly opposite each other. One of them, which was decorated for the occasion with the Neapolitan arms and flags, was guarded by Neapolitan marines; by the other, decked with the arms and colours of Bavaria, stood the royal Bavarian servants.

The Neapolitan envoy and two Neapolitan ladies of high rank, who had come to receive the Crown Princess, had taken their places on the side of the room which represented Neapolitan

territory. Here also stood the Duke of Serracapriola's secretary, and the admiral and chief officers from the vessels which were to convey Maria Sophia and her suite to Naples.

The Duchess and the Bavarian ladies and gentlemen entered through the opposite door, and seated themselves. The Empress Elizabeth and Prince Ludwig, as spectators, took their places in the gallery of the hall. Advancing each from his side of the room the two envoys met at the aforesaid cord, and received from each other's hands the documents relating to the alliance. Count Rechberg said a few words of farewell to the young Princess, who rose and held out her hand to be kissed by all her German attendants. The Count then led her to the middle of the room and handed her over into the hands of the Duke of Serracapriola. The latter respectfully bade her be seated in the chair standing on the Neapolitan side. He then made a short speech of welcome and congratulation, and that ended, presented to her the Neapolitan ladies and gentlemen. This almost mediæval ceremony lasted one hour.

The Duchess left the room by the doors which were decorated with the Neapolitan colours, and at once went on board the steamship *Fulminante*, in the cabin of which the Empress Elizabeth and

Prince Ludwig, both of whom were deeply moved, took leave of their young sister.

The greater number of her suite went on board the second steamship, the *Tancredo.*

An hour later the two ships steamed out of Trieste harbour.

CHAPTER VII

THE NEAPOLITAN ROYAL FAMILY AND THEIR DOMESTIC LIFE

The then reigning prince of Naples, King Ferdinand II., belonged to a decayed royal stock. Of his grandfather and namesake * King Frederick of Prussia had aptly said that, "*Er verdiente eher in einem Gefängniss als auf einem Tron zu sitzen*" (he deserved rather to "sit" in prison than on a throne). His reign was a single great scandal. His son, Francis I., had, during his brief reign (1825-1830), faithfully trodden in his father's footsteps.

Intellectually well-equipped by nature, Ferdinand II. had at the beginning of his reign awakened great hopes. He had even made efforts in a liberal direction, in accordance with the requirements of the times, and had brought about considerable improvement in the administration of affairs, notably in the army and exchequer.

* Ferdinand IV. of Naples and Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies.

Sunk in poverty as his kingdom was, he had formed wise plans for the use of its resources.

It was not long, however, before was proved that he was in truth a chip of the old block, and that he was possessed of the despotic tendencies which had made his father and grandfather the scourge of their people. The older he grew the more apparent did this become. He seemed indeed to wish to copy Louis XIV., and to make the motto of the latter: "*L'état c'est moi*" his own. The copy became a caricature, and must necessarily have become so—not only as a consequence of Ferdinand's personality, but still more as a consequence of the development of the times. The agitation for freedom of the nineteenth century had not passed Italy by untouched. The swell from the French revolution had been in Naples and Sicily unusually strong. This is very easily to be conceived if the bad, cruel, and short-sighted policy which had long prevailed there on the one side, and on the other the fiery and impulsive nature of the southerners be taken into consideration.

King Ferdinand had succeeded, in 1848, in stifling a violent revolutionary outbreak. But nevertheless this still smouldered on, and the inner perturbation and disquiet were further fed

by the repulsive and cruel police and priest government by which "Bomba"*—as Ferdinand was called by the people—endeavoured to strengthen his position.

He ruled with a despotism and an intolerance which call to mind the worst period of the Inquisition. The prisons were filled with political "criminals," whose sole criminality consisted in the entertaining of liberal views, or who were suspected of so doing. A system of espionage and denunciation sprang up, so vile that a parallel can hardly be found for it in the annals of the nineteenth century. The treatment which the victims had to undergo was of the most revolting kind. The condition of affairs in the Two Sicilies was such that it awakened the disgust of the whole civilised world.

This disgust was given expression to in a pamphlet, the language of which was as forcible as it was eloquent, from the pen of William Gladstone, then young but already a statesman of renown, who thundered forth indictments against King Bomba in the name of humanity and civilisation. These things, however, belong to the common

* *Rè Bomba*, in Italian. He acquired this nickname more particularly after the bombardment of the town of Messina; but it also referred to his figure which was corpulent and shapeless—notably so in his later years.

history of the world; and it is outside my task to enter more fully upon them.

As a private gentleman and the father of a family "Bomba" was not without good qualities. He was orderly and just in his private life; careful, simple, and sober in his habits; and as a father sympathetic and considerate. Ferdinand was twice married. He was only twenty years old when he came to the throne, and at the age of twenty-two contracted an alliance with the Princess Maria Christina of Sardinia, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel I. She was the "Queen Dagmar" of Italy; and while yet living was called by the Neapolitans "Saint Christina." After her death she was canonised by the Roman Church.

It is probable that this pious and sweet-natured woman had a beneficial influence on her husband's character and mind. Unhappily her influence was but of short duration. "Angels" are not usually suffered to live long in this world, and she died in 1836, four years after her marriage and two weeks after giving to the King a son and to the country an heir to the throne—the Francis Maria Leopold already mentioned.

After he became a widower, Ferdinand first thought of marrying a daughter of King Louis Philippe of France, but Austria induced England

to frustrate his plan on the ground that the marriage would bring about a too close alliance between the Bourbon families reigning in France, Spain, and Naples. The King then asked the hand of an Austrian princess. He married, in 1837, Maria Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Charles of Austria, and by her had five sons and four daughters.

In spite of her exalted title, her great name, and her descent, the new Queen was a very commonplace woman, though one not without domestic virtues. Had she been born in a lower class, had she been the wife of a capable artizan or small merchant it cannot be doubted that she would have made a good, nay, a model matron. She lived for her husband, for her family, and for domestic occupations. It is said of her that she patched her children's clothes with her own hand. But she seemed incapable of understanding that a queen has other and higher duties than that of being a housewife; and a throne was not her right place. In certain respects she resembled her husband; like him she was very simple and frugal in her tastes and mode of life. Indeed, so much was this the case that at times it was a source of annoyance to him, and one day at the dinner-table he is known to have said to her:

"My dear Tera,* you will soon bring things to such a pass that we shall positively have to wait on ourselves."

The manner of living in the royal house was of the very frugalest. Maccaroni was the King's and the children's favourite dish. Raw onions, too, the King relished, and was in the habit of peeling them with his fingers, as he opined that if touched with a knife they became possessed of a disagreeable flavour. The Queen, on the other hand, could never bring herself to like Neapolitan cooking, and upon occasion had solid German dishes specially prepared for her.

Nor could the Queen ever properly acquire the Italian language, but learned only the dialect of the Neapolitan people, which she spoke brokenly and disagreeably with a broad German accent. Even the King, the Princes, and the court spoke the most pronounced dialect.

The second wife of Ferdinand was as unpopular as his first wife had been popular. Maria Theresa did nothing to win the love of the people, but preferred to live a life of retirement. Her very decided dislike of pomp and ceremony was by no means to the taste of the lively Neapolitans, who

* He had a special pet-name for his wife, as well as for each of his children.

have always been known for their love of festivals, play-acting and display.

When it was possible for the royal family to do so, they withdrew from Naples to some more quiet place, their favourite residences being the palaces of Caserta and Gaeta. Ferdinand's great pleasure was driving, and this he was in the habit of doing every afternoon, taking his whole family with him and handling the reins himself. The royal carriage was escorted on these drives by officers of high grade, and, in addition, detachments of mounted troops were drawn up along the roadsides where the royalties were to pass by. Private persons out for an airing at the same time and place were warned off the roads by the soldiers, and had to wait until the royal equipage had passed. This, however, was not so much from a desire for ceremonial and compliment, as from motives of safety

Ferdinand's education had been neglected, and it had been broken off too early. He read little or nothing. His orders regarding the most important affairs of state he wrote as ordinary letters in his own hand, couched in familiar terms, and on mean little sheets of paper. He would even at times use the Neapolitan dialect in his writings.

The books he selected for his children's reading were almost exclusively the lives of the saints. Authors and literary people he regarded with sovereign contempt, as belonging to an inferior and truly contemptible caste. He lumped them together, one and all, as "scribblers." A similar mixture of pride and narrowness of mind was apparent in his manner of regarding foreigners.

The English he called *caccalainoli* (fishmongers), and most of the royal family followed suit; the French he dubbed *parrucchieri* (hairdressers); the Russians were *marragiosegi* (tallow-eaters), and so forth. The Austrians were the only foreigners who were spoken of with respect, for was not the Queen an Austrian?

An occasional gleam of humour would illumine the King's geography lessons. Speaking of the situation of the kingdom of Naples, between the Papal States and the sea, he was wont to remark "We lie between excommunication and the deep sea." On the whole, Ferdinand, true Neapolitan as he was, was a good deal of a humorist, at any rate in his younger days. As time went on, however, his humour merged into sarcasm and bitterness.

Judged as private persons, the royal couple,

as has already been pointed out, lived a worthy family life, and so far set their children a good example. Apart from this they were both singularly inefficient as the bringers-up of their children. They chose almost exclusively bigoted Jesuits as teachers for their sons. The father required that the Princes should learn Latin and French, civil and administrative law; but on the other hand did not provide that they should receive military instruction. In a similar manner all sport and athletics were excluded from his scheme of education. They were not allowed to travel, or in any other way to make themselves acquainted with foreign peoples and countries.

The following is a characteristic story told of Ferdinand II. On the occasion of a popular festival in the piazza before the Royal Palace at Naples, the King was standing on the balcony, the Crown Prince, then a child, at his side. The boy looked out across the mass of people gathered below. Thinking of the high position he, in all probability, would be called upon to fill, he turned suddenly to his father and asked:

"What could a king do with all these people?"

"He could kill them all," answered Ferdinand.

"He *could* but he does not—because of his respect for holy religion." And so saying he bowed low, and made the sign of the cross.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST YEARS OF KING FERDINAND'S REIGN—THE CONDITION OF THE KING AND THE COUNTRY PREVIOUS TO THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE

THE consequences of the Neapolitan mode of rule, a rule of police- and priest-craft, made themselves felt in due course.

The last years of Ferdinand's reign were marked by a series of insurrections and attempts upon his life. The revolutionary movement spread both on the Continent and in Sicily. The King knew that he was hated, he knew also that in many places conspiracies were afoot against him, and that his death was desired by many.

The first attempt upon his life was on December 8, 1856, during a church festival in honour of the Virgin Mary. After the service there was a large review of troops on the Campo di Mars, at Naples. The troops were filing past

the King when suddenly a soldier rushed upon him and directed a terrible bayonet thrust at him. The weapon came in contact first with the pistol which he wore at his belt, and then penetrated deeply into the thigh. Ferdinand showed the greatest self-control. He made light of the matter, and commanded the march-past to be continued. It was not until he returned to the Palace that he told anyone that he had been wounded.

The impetuous Neapolitans made use of the occasion for rejoicing and illuminations, greeting the King when he drove out the same day with demonstrations such as they might have done had he been popular. The perpetrator of the *attentat* was taken, arrested, and a few days afterwards was beheaded.

His name was Agesilaus Milano. He was from one of the Albanese colonies in Calabria, and had taken part in the insurrection of 1848.

Shortly after the execution there took place in quick succession incidents which pointed to, and were looked upon, as the first outcome of a far-branching plot. A powder magazine exploded not far from the Royal Palace, and no reason could be assigned for it. Twenty persons were killed, and many more badly wounded. The

Palace and a number of neighbouring buildings were injured. At almost the same time there were riots in various places. Prisons were broken into; the flag of the insurgents was carried by fleeing prisoners to the cry of "Long live Italy! Long live the Republic." On one of the first days of 1857 the steam frigate *Carlo Tre* was blown up with eighty persons on board, as well as many thousands of fire-arms which were destined for Sicily.

The King grew more and more restless and alarmed. To his mental sufferings were now added great physical pain. The wound inflicted by Agesilaus Milano was considerably more dangerous than had been at first supposed, and it became the source of unspeakable pain. Boils came out by degrees over the whole of his body, and his sufferings were terrible. The unfortunate prince knew no peace by day or by night. At the age of forty his hair had become quite white, and at not more than six-and-forty he looked like an old man.

His leaning towards bigotry increased with his sickness, with his mental sufferings, with the distressfulness of the times. His religious worship took on forms and expressions which call to mind the behaviour of the most "Orthodox"

Catholic princes in the darkest period of the middle ages. He always crossed himself before mounting his horse. He had pictures of the Madonna at the foot of his bed, and often threw himself on his knees before them and kissed them. Every time that on his drives he met a priest or monk carrying the Holy Sacrament to a sick-bed he stopped his carriage, got out, and knelt on the ground until the holy man had passed by. The spectacle was a source of huge delight to the street Arabs of Naples, who would run for a long distance after his carriage shouting: "*Viva il Ré!*"

During the last years of his life he caused masses to be read for him every day, and went often to confession. Every evening he prayed, rosary in hand, with his wife and all his children; and before retiring to rest kissed all the pictures of saints on the walls of his bedroom. But these religious exercises did not restore his peace of mind. Sleep fled from him; conscience pursued him.

The Neapolitan minister to Rome, Martino, had the happy thought of trying to induce him to grant an amnesty to the political prisoners who were filling the prisons of Naples and Sicily. He also addressed the Pope with this end in view,

but his attempts were frustrated by the opposition of the papal secretary, the powerful and wily Antonelli.

It was a little gleam of light in the King's sad existence when his eldest son and the heir to the throne became engaged to the Bavarian Princess, Maria Sophia. We know that the princely house of Wittelsbach was old and respected; it was, in addition, of orthodox Catholicity—a factor which in Ferdinand's eyes was of great moment. An alliance of the kind seemed also in political respect to be wise. Through it his son would be brother-in-law to the Austrian Emperor, and enter into ties of near relationship with several of the reigning houses of Europe.

Despite his sufferings he had intended to be present at the wedding festivities, but a higher will decreed otherwise. The King reached Bari, where Maria and Francis of Calabria's second and real marriage was to take place, having visited on the way his south-eastern provinces. During the winter journey across the Appennines, on the bad roads, he had been obliged to drag himself on foot a short distance in the snow. When he reached the flowery town of Lecce he could no longer walk. He arrived at Bari so suffering and exhausted that there was no possi-

bility of his being able to attend the wedding in person.

Ferdinand was sick to death. There was disquiet and fermentation around. The political horizon was dark indeed. Enemies both internal and external threatened the dynasty and the kingdom.

Such was the situation when the brilliant young Princess arrived from happy Munich, in the country whose future Queen she was elected to be.

CHAPTER X

THE ARRIVAL OF MARIA SOPHIA

On Thursday, February 8, 1859, a glorious Italian spring morning, the Crown Princess approached her new country.

The roads leading to Bari were thronged with spectators who pushed and jostled one another in their efforts to welcome the young bride. Her name was on the lips of all; but no one spoke of her as the Princess of Bavaria or the Duchess of Calabria. With the familiarity which is a characteristic of the people of southern Italy they used even before her arrival her Christian name only. They did not, however, call her Maria alone, for a number of her predecessors had borne that name. In Italy, to this day, she is always spoken of as "Maria Sophia."

Nobody as yet had seen her, but all talked about her with a familiarity and warmth such as they might have done had they known her very

well. They praised her beauty, her winning manner, her stately bearing, and they spoke with admiration of her elegant dresses.

Not only King Ferdinand, but his consort and his children had come to Bari in order to receive her. The royal family were accommodated on the ground floor of the *Intendenza*. For the Duchess of Calabria and her suite, rooms had been prepared in the same palace. The large apartment in which the deputies from the provinces were usually received, had been turned into a dining-room for the nonce.

While the town was filled with life and gladness a dark cloud rested on the palace itself. The King's condition had become so considerably worse, and he suffered such pain, that he had been obliged this day to keep his bed. He dearly loved his eldest son, whose betrothal had filled his fatherly heart with joy; and it was a real sorrow to him that he could not be present at the marriage ceremony.

At ten o'clock in the morning the thunder of cannon announced the approach of the *Fulminante* and the *Tarcredo*. The troops were drawn up, the ships in the harbour were dressed with countless pennons and flags; nature herself breathed festivity and joy. The mayor of Bari,

the master of ceremonies, the governor, bishops from the provinces and other dignitaries took their places in a pavilion which had been erected for Maria's reception, in the middle of the landing-stage.

Ten royal carriages drove out of the palace. They were escorted by a mounted guard of honour. In the first carriage but one sat the Queen with the Duke of Calabria at her side. They drove down to the pavilion and alighted there. Immediately afterwards Maria Theresa, her stepson, and her little daughters went on board a steam-launch for the purpose of meeting Maria Sophia.

Meanwhile there was bustle and excitement on board the *Fulminante* The bride was standing in the middle of the deck in a costly travelling dress. She was this day perhaps more like her sister Elizabeth than ever. There were the same glorious, dark-blue eyes, the same abundant brown hair. She was not indeed as tall as the Empress of Austria, but her figure was as fine. The childishly innocent, at other times always bright expression, was to-day mingled with a touch of expectant seriousness—a result partly of the fatigues of the journey, partly of the strong and unquiet feelings which naturally moved her at this

moment. On the journey she had questioned Nina Rizzo and her new chamberlain about her future husband, as to his appearance and as to his behaviour towards his parents, his brothers and sisters, and his subordinates, and she had not wearied of hearing stories of his childhood. On her naïve question as to whether he was really as ugly as she had been told he was in Bavaria, both had done their utmost to reassure the young Princess. They had said that he was not ugly at all; and they had told her of his kindness.

The ship sped onward. The wind had been high during the night, but it had now gone down. The sea was laughing and bright. The deep blue waves broke but softly now, as if they would caress and bid her welcome. Never, she thought, had her eyes seen such a wealth of colour. She was approaching the glorious south-Italian port, and saw Bari lying before her in the sunlight.

Lost in contemplation of the beauty of the scene she had not at first noticed the steam-launch which was approaching, but the next moment she was beaming with pleasure. Francis was standing up in the boat in his fine hussar uniform. She knew him at once from his picture, and found him more attractive than she had expected to do.

She stepped forward to the gangway to meet

him, and with the most natural womanly grace, held out her hand, saying: "*Bonjour François!*" He took both her hands in his, kissed her on the brow, and said timidly: "*Bonjour Marie!*" The Queen embraced the young bride, and presented the Princesses to her. Maria asked feelingly after the King's health, and expressed her regret that he was unable to be there to receive her. She then questioned her new relations about the coast lying before her, about the town they were approaching, about the ships in the harbour, and about everything she saw from the vessel.

The bridegroom stood almost silent by his stepmother's side, finding only disconnected words to stammer in response. The agitation in which he found himself, the pleasant surprise of discovering Maria to be handsomer and more fascinating than he had dared to imagine, made him more shy and awkward than ever.

The accumulated authorities of the town received her upon her landing, and were presented to her in the aforesaid pavilion. From there she and her companions drove in five royal carriages to the palace. All the spectators were enthusiastic in praise of her beauty. Cries of "*Eviva*" followed her entry into her new life. After she had vanished from sight within the palace the

emotional children of the south insisted on her showing herself once more on the balcony.

But the King's person was wanting at the reception festivities. Though far from being beloved, the monarch was missed on this day. It was endeavoured to explain his absence by saying that he dared not expose himself to the strong sea air, for as far as it was possible to do so, he still wished to keep his illness a secret from his people.

Maria, from the balcony, had hardly thanked the people for their homage before she was called in to Ferdinand II. That the first welcome within the walls of the palace should come from a sick-room struck her young mind like an icy gust of wind. The King sat raised up in bed, great suffering plainly written on his face. He embraced his daughter-in-law with a father's tenderness, and wept at the meeting which he had imagined should be so different. And she wept with him and pressed him to her—him, the first who on this foreign soil had shown her the tenderness which she was accustomed to at home.

From the first meeting the Crown Princess felt a real affection for this suffering man; and Ferdinand seems also to have at once taken her warmly to his heart. With the premonition of

the dying he felt that the future of this young woman, who seemed to be created for joy and happiness, would be strewn with thorns.

CHAPTER XI

THE MARRIAGE AT BARI

MEANWHILE there was little time left to the Crown Princess in which to think over the scene at her father-in-law's bedside.

The Queen conducted her to her rooms, and Nina Rizzo changed her travelling costume for a bridal robe, which was thrown over the large crinoline which all ladies were obliged to wear at that time, in accordance with the dictates of fashion. A wreath of orange-blossom and a veil of beautiful lace, which she had brought with her from her home, were fastened to her mass of hair—that characteristic of the Wittelsbach sisters. The bridal veil, falling in wide folds about her, reached almost to the ground.

An altar had been erected in a large room of the palace used for festivities. Above the altar and along the walls were hung pictures of the Holy Virgin. A throne had also been con-

structed, and was covered with velvet and gold embroideries. Beside the throne were arm-chairs for the Princes and Princesses.

The bishops and most of the distinguished company had taken their places. The solemn function was about to begin. But many of those assembled had difficulty in restraining their laughter, and several smiled outright, although they tried all in their power to keep a countenance of decorum. The Crown Prince's second stepbrother, Alphonso, Count of Caserta, though at that time eighteen years of age, was as wild as a schoolboy in the holidays. He had managed to fasten a long train of paper to the uniform of one of the highest of the court functionaries. The courtier was in absolute ignorance of the Prince's schoolboy trick, and the air of importance with which he performed his duties added to the absurdity of the situation. In the end a gentleman succeeded in detaching the train without the victim having noticed it.

The bride and bridegroom entered the apartment, and were conducted to their places before the altar. The bishop gave a forcible address in the flowery Italian language, concluding by calling down the blessing of God on the young couple. The *Te Deum* was sung, and the

orchestra played the national anthem. The newly married couple then went to the King's bed-chamber to receive the paternal blessing. Salvos of artillery announced to the people that the marriage ceremony was at an end.

The gardens in front of the palace and the whole of the town were illuminated in the evening. A serenade was sung under the windows of the young couple. Far into the night, and also the following day, the town and the piazza were thronged with demonstrating people. But notwithstanding there was no real joy in the proceedings. The King's illness was whispered of in corners; the townspeople fearing to be looked upon with suspicion by the police if they too openly tried to gain information as to his condition. The court and the diplomatic circle showed a somewhat lukewarm pleasure at the Crown Prince's alliance, for they misdoubted that the Queen, who had four sons of her own, regarded her stepson's marriage with a jealous eye.

The Count of Caserta's practical joke came to the ears of the King. He summoned the Prince to him and gave him a sharp rebuke. "Such behaviour," said the father, "can only be excused in a street boy." Three days' room arrest was to be his punishment, but at his

mother's urgent request the sentence was somewhat reduced.

The agitation of the wedding-day had an unfavourable effect on Ferdinand. The royal family, however, do not seem to have realized how dangerous was his illness, and the King continued to do his utmost to hide his terrible sufferings. He greatly desired that his son and daughter-in-law should show themselves in public.

The day after the marriage his condition altered considerably for the worse. Nevertheless the Crown Prince and his bride, with their suite, were present at a gala performance at the theatre, where the town dignitaries were also assembled. All eyes were turned towards the young Princess as she took her place in the royal-box. She wore a dazzling white dress of silk, and her neck and head sparkled with diamonds. The restrained murmur of approval, with which she had been greeted, was suddenly changed to loud and enthusiastic cheers, despite her air of shyness and embarrassment at the jubilant homage of the audience.

She and her husband remained at the theatre until the conclusion of the performance. With that evening the marriage solemnities were at an end.

CHAPTER XII

A CURIOUS HONEYMOON

THE first months of married life between Francis and Maria Sophia—as we shall henceforward call her—resemble, in many respects, the relations between Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI of France.

Francis like Louis was shy, embarrassed, and wanting in force of character and self-confidence. Like him he had lived outside the realm of the fine arts and fine forms, although he had grown up in the land of beauty and art. Like the King of France he was upright and deeply religious; but like him also was wanting in firmness and decision. In both was essentially absent the outward bearing which we would so willingly find in the descendants of an old dynasty.

No less conspicuous are the points of likeness between Maria Sophia and Marie Antoinette.

The Crown Princess of the Two Sicilies, like the Dauphiness of France, was lively and childish, without an *arriere pensee*, and without calculation. The uncompromising candour, which was one of Marie Antoinette's most attractive and at the same time most dangerous qualities, was owned in no less degree by Maria Sophia. Both were in possession of an almost adventurous personal courage. Both were too handsome not to be envied, and too lively in disposition not to offend. Maria Sophia, however, had qualities which in Marie Antoinette were absent: robust strength and unswerving honesty were prominent traits in this Wittelsbach Princess's character. She had brought with her from her Bavarian Alps the grand courage of her youth. Thanks to an open-minded home, and her own happy temperament, life had hitherto shown itself to her chiefly from the bright side. She was strong and light-hearted, she was an excellent rider and shot, she was an untiring walker, delighting, in short, in every kind of sport.

Her husband was serious, silent, and heavy. He took no interest in sport of any kind; he never shot nor hunted, and although he appeared in the uniform of a hussar Neapolitans, to this day, declare that he never threw leg across a horse. And yet

there were points of similarity in their tastes: both had been simply brought up; neither of them cared for luxury. They would go without food for many hours, and without feeling the want of it; and they hardly noticed what they ate.

The Crown Princess on her arrival hardly knew a word of Italian; her husband spoke French badly, and was quite unacquainted with the German language. This, of course, put great difficulties in the way of mutual understanding; and it was comparatively long before there was freedom from constraint in their relations.

The Duke of Calabria's education had not prepared him for the exalted position that was to be his. His stepmother, who spoiled her own children, had neglected him in many respects, and in others had treated him with unnecessary severity. Overshadowed by his stepbrothers' better parts, without wit or good-looks the Crown Prince had lived, treated almost with contempt by his half-brothers and sisters. Several sides of his character point to the natural kindliness of his disposition. He remembered with gratitude the smallest service that had been rendered him; and he invariably received with kindly courtesy the humblest of his guests. Many instances of his sympathy with suffering have been recorded; and

it is said that in early youth he once sold his best horse in order to help a needy family. But his behaviour was so awkward that it was positively painful to witness it; and the knowledge of his helplessness had caused him almost to shun society. How absolutely wanting he was in any trace of princely bearing was especially noticeable when he was in the company of his wife. Her beauty and liveliness impressed him to such a degree that he became dumb as soon as she approached; and he would even hide himself behind the door to escape talking with her when she entered a room in which he might happen to be.

The Neapolitan court was in more than one respect a contrast to the home which Maria Sophia had left. Barely eighteen years of age, brimming over with health and the mere joy of living, she felt herself surrounded by an atmosphere filled with artificial humility, servile fear, and false religiousness. Her happy disposition doubtless carried her through many a care and disappointment in the new circumstances of her life; but stranger as she was among utter strangers, she could not be blind to the fact of how alone she stood, and of how little encouragement she met with.

I have mentioned how, from the first moment, she conquered her father-in-law's heart, but he was far too ill for it to be possible that any kindly feeling on his side could make life in the new country more attractive to her. Two elderly female relatives of the Neapolitan royal house and the little Princesses were polite to the young Duchess, but at the same time were stiff and unsympathetic. Her footing was better with her brothers-in-law, who were delighted with the zest with which she made merry with them. The Queen, on the other hand, showed almost from the first a marked dislike to her. She treated her as a schoolgirl, who must be corrected at every turn, and she viewed with suspicion and displeasure her most innocent pastimes.

We know that Maria Theresa's tastes were homely, but this did not prevent her from attaching great importance to the due performance of all religious ceremonies. These ceremonies wearied the Crown Princess in the highest degree. The Queen was the possessor of a strong will, and in her family, as well as in the court circle, was used to be obeyed. Her stepson showed her great respect, and although the King had one foot in the grave she persisted in calling the Crown

Prince "Francescino,"—a somewhat contemptuous diminutive of his name. It was manifestly her intention to treat the Crown Princess in the same arrogant and stepmotherly fashion. The young Princess's burning desire to ride on horseback, as she had been accustomed to do at home, in Bavaria, was met by the most determined opposition on her side. Maria Sophia addressed herself to her husband in order to gain his consent, but he dared not go against his stepmother, and his refusal to sanction the Duchess's wish gave occasion to the first disagreement between them.

Maria Theresa had chosen her most confidential lady-in-waiting to be in attendence on the wife of her stepson, hoping thus that Nina Rizzo, who was attached to her, would teach the Crown Princess to bend to her will, as all others had hitherto done. In this hope she was thoroughly disappointed. Maria Sophia liked Nina Rizzo and cared more for her than for any other lady in her new circle; but when Nina began to counsel subservience to the Queen, the Crown Princess lent but a deaf ear: she would keep her freedom.

The King's sufferings increased, and in the Palace the feeling was one of augmenting depression and sadness. The young Princes tried their best to pass the time and drive away dull care.

They walked about the town; they got up running races inside the palace, and they amused themselves, moreover, by playing pranks of all kinds with the gentlemen of the court. After some little time Maria Sophia began to take part in the pastimes of her brothers-in-law. One day she went down to the harbour to fish. Helped by an old sailor she succeeded in catching a whole basketful of fish, which she took home to the palace in triumph, and which she had cooked and served at the royal table. Another day she promised her brothers-in-law that she would make them some Bavarian pancakes. A moveable stove was placed on a brasier and the Crown Princess prepared to set to work, but the Princes could procure neither a frying-pan nor a whisk. At this juncture the mayor of Bari, in full-dress uniform of swallow-tail coat and knee-breeches, appeared on a visit of ceremony. Maria Sophia was no longer at her wits' end. In her lively irresistible way she asked the high official to go down to the market for her, and buy the necessary utensils. The mayor hurried away to do her behest, and returned with what was required. In spite of his great obligingness the results of the Princess's culinary efforts were very bad; the pancakes proved to be uneatable. The Crown Princess

had burnt holes in the table-cloth and the dinner-napkins. Laughing heartily she gave up any further attempt at being a cook in Italy.

The mayor took home with him the frying-pan and whisk, as a memento of the merry scene at the palace. Both of them are still in the possession of his family.

CHAPTER XIII

FERDINAND II DIES

NATURE'S glory of spring, lying spread out over the kingdom, was not enough to drive away the forebodings for the future which had taken possession of the whole court.

The Crown Princess was greatly depressed by the sorrowful state of affairs, and her outbursts of gaiety became rarer and rarer. Nina Rizzo had often talked to her of the beauty of the Palace of Caserta, and a change thither had long been decided on. In the midst of the unspeakable dulness of life at Bari, the young Princess looked forward to the moment of departure as to a happy release. The start, however, was delayed, for under his terrible sufferings Ferdinand was not to be prevailed upon to change his place of abode. A monk, who was regarded as a holy man, induced him in the end to make the journey. Sailors carried him down to a steam frigate which

took him from Bari to Portici, for it was his desire to avoid going to Naples. In Portici his wound was several times operated on. The voyage from Portici to Caserta, which took five hours, was a real trial by fire for the unfortunate man. The Archbishop of Naples gave instructions that he should be prayed for in all the churches.

Mary Sophia, in the new palace, at first felt herself less depressed. The lofty rooms, the pretty gardens, and the park with its fountains, had an enlivening effect on her elastic spirits; but it was not many weeks before she was again seized by the most helpless feeling of loneliness by the side of the Queen and of her weak-minded husband.

She had twelve parrots. To teach these birds to speak German was one of her few amusements. Her laughter at their clumsy pronunciation was soon the only sign that there still existed anything of the old merriment which had bubbled so joyously by the shores of the Stranberg lake. She suffered terribly from home-sickness, and said often to her faithful Nina Rizzo and to her gentleman-in-waiting, Ranzzi: "If I had wings, I would fly home to my own country."

Meanwhile the whole kingdom was talking of the Queen's supposed treasonable intentions. It

was declared that she would attempt to wrest the Double Crown from the rightful heir, and give the crown of Sicily to her own son. It was said, moreover, that many officers of the gendarmerie were willing to support her schemes. Insurrectionary movements in Bari, Foggia and Reggio, which took place during the last days of Ferdinand's life, were generally looked upon as being favourable to his eldest son of the second marriage. At the same time it was said that the Crown Prince had been forcibly ejected from his father's sick-room. It was certainly true that he was systematically kept away from all participation in affairs of state; but it was not in accordance with truth that he was denied his father's sick-bed. Now, at the eleventh hour, Ferdinand wished to see him near him, and teach him how he should reign. The Crown Prince wrote down his precepts in a book which, later on, when he became king, he was in the habit of consulting in order to find his deceased father's counsels.

On April 10 the King dictated to him his private will and testament. Each of his children was to have an equal share of his fortune. His wife was to have a large portion, and in addition to his own share the heir to the throne was to take a twelfth part and distribute it among

religious institutions. The sick monarch had previously endeavoured to arrange his children's and his brothers' incomes, and had made public his decision thereon ; but the Neapolitans still believed that the members of the royal house were secretly in receipt of large sums of money. As there was no control of state expenses, and as the revenues of the state and the dynasty could not be separated, the people's suspicions on this subject had a very wide field for play. After Ferdinand's death it was said that he had left three hundred million ducats, and that a great part of his fortune was derived from the confiscated estates of political criminals. This report, however, was greatly exaggerated. His fortune consisted of hardly more than seven million ducats in ready money, to which may be added a large number of precious stones and articles of value.

On April 12, 1859, King Ferdinand received extreme unction, but he still lived on for a month. Naples, the superstitious, expected his death on May 5, because it was the anniversary of the street riots in Naples (1848), which he had misused as the point of departure for the most infamous persecution of his subjects. It was not, however, until

May 22 that he was released from his sufferings.

A terrible storm was raging at the time of his death. This the people took to be a bad omen for the new King's reign.

CHAPTER XIV

THE YOUNG COUPLE ASCEND THE THRONE

Apart from the comparatively narrow circle at Bari, hardly anyone had yet seen the young Queen. As Crown Princess she had, so to speak, been shut up with the sick monarch. Francis too was almost unknown to the people.

A few days after their ascent of the throne the new royal couple held a state reception at the Palace at Naples. Francis and Maria Sophia stood beneath a canopy in the middle of the room; the King dressed in the uniform of a hussar, the Queen in an ermine cloak and wearing a crown. The highest officers of state and the court officials stepped forward to kiss their Majesties' hands. Splendid court dresses and uniforms passed by the throne. In the midst of all the glittering brilliant procession, a party of sable figures were seen to advance: they were the judges in their long black cloaks and broad-brimmed hats. Struck by the

incongruity between them and the others Maria Sophia burst out laughing, so irresistibly, indeed, that all those round her became infected by her merriment.

Freed from the oppression which had rested on her as Crown Princess, she became as light-hearted as before. She was the possessor of exuberant health and strength. Her gaiety called to mind the tracts and surroundings amid which she had grown up, and her overflowing high spirits showed themselves in many different ways. The relations between her and Francis became more natural and unconstrained. Report said that this was due to the influence of Father Borelli, the confessor of the Queen-Dowager, but it is very doubtful whether these rumours were true. Certain it is, on the other hand, that Francis soon after the marriage began to cherish feelings of tenderness for his wife, though he did not make them manifest. The oppression under which he had grown to maturity had crippled him, had in several respects caused incurable wounds in his character; but Maria Sophia's natural grace was so great, her gaiety so infectious, that it was impossible for him not to yield to the charm of her personality. He remained, however, awkward and reserved when

with her; and when love awoke within him he did not understand it. There was longing, coupled with admiration for her in his eyes, but he felt himself a stranger in the world of the woman he loved; and the sense of his inferiority caused him to withhold attempts at a *rapprochement*.

He was no longer able to deny her anything; and she made use of her power. When they had taken their places at the royal table it was the Queen's great pleasure to ask him if her dog "Lyonne" might come into the dining-room. He invariably gave her permission. The huge Newfoundland, with her four puppies, would come bursting into the room. During the greater part of dinner the dog and its young ones rushed wildly round the table, sometimes jumping up on to it, to the annoyance of the court ladies and gentlemen, but to Maria Sophia's great delight.

As Queen she exhibited unmistakably how strong was her will. With a single stroke she shook off the heavy yoke which had been laid on her by her mother-in-law at Bari and Caserta. Photography had lately come into fashion; she had herself photographed in crown and robes; in a ball dress, with a diamond tiara on her wonderful hair; on horseback; in a carriage; on foot; in short, in every possible position. All

this annoyed the Queen-Dowager. She was annoyed at her constant change of dress, and at her frequent rides on horseback. The time had indeed gone by when Maria Sophia allowed herself to be forbidden to mount a horse. A fearless horsewoman, she would dash through the streets of Naples, arousing both admiration and astonishment at her breakneck riding.

Francis had been not unpopular with the masses as Crown Prince. We know that his own mother had been beloved and respected ; and the Neapolitans had pitied the weakly lad of whom it was said that his stepmother grudged the life. But his high calling demanded strength of character and other qualities which he did not possess. A clear eye for the requirements of the kingdom, and for the just demands of the people, would have been necessary to steer the ship of state between the rocks and shoals of that stormy time. The young King was not without a certain power of judgment, but his good nature verged upon weakness, and made him the sport of all the winds that blew. His power of discrimination, moreover, was overshadowed by his belief in a blind fate, or more correctly, by his superstition, which again was a consequence of his religious exaltation. A day never passed but he went to mass, and no

day came to an end but he prayed and told his beads. He never omitted to go to confession once a month; and he was in the habit of having long conferences on religious topics with Father Borelli and the other clergy about his court. He spoke often of his dead mother, and would shut himself up for hours, kneeling and praying before her picture. It often happened that he would suddenly lift his hands to his head and cry: "Oh, how heavy is this crown!" At other times he would exclaim: "How wearisome are all these demonstrations of respect!"

On one of his first days as ruler he had a conference with his Minister of Finance, Raymundo del Liguoro. The table at which they were seated shook a little. The Minister turned to see what could be the matter with it, and the King remarking his movement said: "It was I who shivered, and therefore made the table shake. It is a bad sign; it means that I shall soon die." Liguoro answered that his Majesty ought to put away such thoughts: the King's life was not his own; it belonged to the people he ruled over.

"I do not care very much about preserving my life or my kingdom," answered Francis. "I always remember that it is written: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away.'"

CHAPTER XV

A STEPMOTHER—MOTHER-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

THE Queen-Dowager, Maria Theresa, was a true stepmother. She had never been able to reconcile herself to her stepson having the whole of the "loaf"—alias, the United Kingdoms—and to her own sons having none of it.

Already during her husband's life-time she had begun an intrigue for the securing of the Sicilian throne for her own eldest son when the change of succession should occur. King Ferdinand, however, would hear nothing of it. It is said that on his deathbed he required all the members of his family to make a solemn promise that they would support the rightful heir; and after his death the Queen is reported to have thrown herself at her stepson's feet and assured him of her loyalty.

That Maria Theresa broke her promise has never been historically proved. The possible proof was destroyed by the King himself, under

the influence of his own generous nature and filial piety. The circumstances are as follows: The Minister President, Filangieri, entertained suspicions of the Queen-Dowager, and thought himself to be on the track of what he considered to be proofs that a conspiracy was hatching of which she was the leading spirit, and which had as its object the overthrow of Francis and the setting of the Count of Trani—her eldest son—on the throne in his stead. Filangieri laid before the King the documents relating to the supposed plot; but Francis II. would not even read them. Without so much as turning over the pages he threw the papers into the fire saying: "She was my father's wife."

Maria Theresa heard of this episode. She declared the whole thing to be the invention of designing persons who were desirous of making bad blood between herself and the weak King. To the Minister President she made known her supreme displeasure by slamming the door in his face one day when she happened to meet him in the Royal Palace at Naples.

Report continued long to occupy itself with the Queen-Dowager and her supposed conspiracies. Entirely whitewashed it is impossible to say she has ever been in this matter. But however great

or however little her guilt may in reality have been, her stepson retained feelings of kindness for her to the last; and both sought to give the outer world the impression that a good understanding existed between them.

If it has not been proved that she attempted to wrest the crown from him it is, on the other hand, certain that she was greatly to blame for the neglected and perverted education which he received in his childhood and youth. She brought him up as she might have done a girl intended to live cut off from the world, rather than as a man destined one day to rule over a kingdom. She it was who laid the foundations of, and fed, the bashfulness and embarrassment which seemed to be constitutional in him. When they went together to the theatre she was in the habit—to give one instance only—of drawing away his attention from the stage if an equivocal word happened to be let fall. As teachers for him she carefully chose men who were *not* fitted to ennoble his mind, or to impart to him understanding of the currents of the new times, but who narrowed his mental development and dwarfed his character. Her tactics, most evidently, were to keep down her stepson and the heir apparent, in order to exercise her own will and to rule over him.

She endeavoured to put in practice the same tactics with regard to her daughter-in-law, Maria Sophia, but as has been before indicated, without success. The Bavarian Princess, now the Queen of the Neapolitans, was of far too independent a nature to allow herself to be brought under the yoke which the Queen-Dowager had thought of for her. The daughter-in-law was quite equal to the mother-in-law in strength of will, and in intellectual respects was indubitably her superior.

Maria Sophia likewise had decided political views, views which were opposed to those of the Queen-Dowager. Maria Theresa was permeated with ideas of ancient absolutism; she had no understanding of the new principles of freedom, and of the requirements of the time. Like her deceased husband she saw in the police and the priesthood the best supports of the throne. She was a determined opponent of every movement of reform in a liberal-democratic direction. The young Queen, on the contrary, held liberal views, and openly advocated them. Young as she was she realised that there was something rotten in the Neapolitan governmental machinery. She spoke her opinion quite openly to the King, and advised him to give the country a new liberal constitution, arousing great ire in her mother-in-law

and the latter's adherents by such utterances as the following: "A constitution is not a misfortune. In my country, in constitutional Bavaria, the royal family is respected and beloved."

History shows, it is well known, that women have filled the highest and most important political situations with honour and brilliance. England has her Elizabeth, Russia her Catherine, Austria-Hungary her Maria Theresa, and Scandinavia her Margaret; while Maria Sophia of Naples provides one of his history's not infrequent witnesses that there is nothing to prevent a woman from having sound political judgment. The King had near him no better counsellor than his own Queen. Had she been allowed to advise it is possible that the devolopment would have taken another course, and it is not impossible that the revolution would have been averted. But Francis was blinded—blinded by prejudice, by family traditions, by his education, and by court intrigues. As a child he had been witness to the bloody street riots in Naples. His father had taught him to look upon these events as diabolical uprisings against an ordering instituted by God, against the kingdom by "God's grace." During his days of strength, as well as during his long painful sickness, Ferdinand had inculcated in him his own principles.

His last word on his sick-bed had been one of warning to him never to let himself be carried away by the stream of liberalism which was threatening from the north. The whole atmosphere in which Francis had grown up had wrought in the same direction. It had made him a blind worshipper of regal power and of priestcraft. It had, so to speak, kept him hermetically shut out from all contact with the liberal ideas of the new times. The young King loved his wife, and admired her in certain respects, but where politics were concerned he was unable to free himself from absolutist views, and from the powerful parties which held them.

Only when it was too late were his eyes opened, and he understood that he should have followed his Queen's advice.

CHAPTER XVI

FOREIGN POLITICS—THE UNITY OF ITALY

MEANWHILE events had taken place in north Italy which were to have the most far-reaching consequences, even to Naples.

On the throne of Sardinia sat the brave and able Victor Emmanuel, who had, morever, the good fortune to possess as his counseller one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century, Count Cavour. In conjunction with Napoleon III, Victor Emmanuel had in the spring of 1859, time after time, beaten the Austrians and thwarted their mastery of Lombardy. These victories fed in an immense degree Italian national feeling. It was as if the Italians, both in the north and south, suddenly awoke to the consciousness that the different states, which had been split up for centuries, did really belong to one another. The idea of a union between the several parts seized on people's minds with irresistible force.

It is interesting to note that a national movement, similar to the one which was taking place in Italy at the time we speak of, arose ten years later in Germany. The similarity between these two movements is noticeable in many points. In Italy, as in Germany, the movement originated in the north —*there* from Sardinia—*here* from Prussia. It was only in later times that both these states had risen to any importance. Both were well able to carry arms, and both were ruled by princes who themselves knew how to wield the sword, as well as how to choose their statesmen and their generals. In both movements the right men came to the front at the right time: in Germany Moltke and Bismarck, in Italy Garibaldi and Cavour.

Cavour, in King Ferdinand's time had repeatedly endeavoured to bring about a coalition between Sardinia and Naples, but his efforts were every time met with contempt by that short-sighted monarch. After the death of Ferdinand, and the decisive victory over the Austrians at Magenta, approaches were again made from Sardinia, this time to the young King of Naples. Victor Emmanuel sent to Naples, on June 24, 1859, Salmour one of his most able and confidential diplomatists. Salmour reminded King Francis of the ties of blood which bound him, through his mother, to Victor

Emmanuel's family, and pointed out that a coalition between Sardinia and Naples would be a guarantee of the independence of Italy.

The north-Italian press had recommended, and had repeatedly discussed, the scheme for a union of the kind. In Francis's kingdom, likewise, the idea had its supporters—very evidently so from the storm of acclamation with which the liberal party there greeted the arrival of Salmour. On the other hand the idea aroused great distrust at the Neapolitan court, its most ardent opponent being the Queen-Dowager, who, as an Austrian Archduchess, was embittered by the defeats recently suffered by her country in the struggle against Sardinia. She worked on the weak young King, and managed to instil into him mistrust of the scheme, finding support in a note issued by Victor Emmanuel's Government after the victory of Magenta, which might be construed as a programme for the unity of Italy under the Sardinian royal house. The result was that Cavour had to return with his mission unaccomplished. His diplomatic negotiations were not even laid before the public. When the Russian minister at the court of Naples expressed his view, as Salmour had done, that a union between these, the two largest Italian states, would be a guarantee

of the independence of Italy the King spurned the idea and remarked: "I do not know what the independence of Italy means. I only know the independence of Naples!"

This answer is in truth characteristic of his political blindness. Francis could refuse the prospect of a coalition between the two royal houses, but he could not prevent the idea of a union between the Italian people in the south and the north from catching fire. The idea spread with incredible swiftness, and was taken up with enthusiasm on the Neapolitan mainland, as well as in Sicily. Only a spark was needed for the igniting of inextinguishable flames of enthusiasm.

The kindling spark was not long in appearing. Before a year had gone by since the day when Francis refused Victor Emmanuel's offer, the spark fell into the Neapolitan kingdom. It came in the shape of Garibaldi.

CHAPTER XVII

GARIBALDI COMES

On May 6, 1860, Garibaldi took ship at Genoa with 1,067 volunteers, and on May 11 landed at Marsala, on the west coast of Sicily. Although his troops were brave and used to fighting it was considered a hazardous enterprise to attack, with a thousand followers, a regular army counting between a hundred thousand and a hundred and twenty thousand men. Garibaldi, however, knew his adversaries, and he hoped for the support of the population. On May 14 he assumed, in Victor Emmanuel's name, the Dictatorship of the island. Supported by a few hundred insurgents he, the following day, attacked General Landi, who was trying to hold the heights near Calatafimi with three thousand men. When the Garibaldians lighted their watch-fires in the evening on the wrested field of battle, they had reason to be satisfied. The first engagement had been won; the demoralised

Neapolitan troops were fleeing towards Alcamo. The people's chieftain had known that he could beat the King's army; and the Neapolitans had learned to give way before the red-shirts and the tri-coloured banner.*

While the Neapolitan generals were looking in vain for Garibaldi among the mountains, he penetrated on May 27 to Palermo, the capital of Sicily, where he was vigorously supported by the people. He had, however, to fight for three days before he could gain possession of the town, until at last the Neapolitan general offered him a truce which a few days later was changed to a capitulation.

A couple of weeks went by before the Dictator of Sicily followed up the advantages he had gained. Liberal Europe, which had looked on at his adventurous expedition with interest, began to wonder at his apparent inactivity. Then suddenly he showed himself on the field of battle again, scattering at Melazzo the columns of General Bosco—the best disciplined and best led troops the King had remaining in Sicily. On June 28, the Neapolitans were obliged to evacuate Messina and shut themselves up in the forts. The red-

* Some details in this chapter are taken, with the writer's permission, from Major-General J. A. Ræder's article: "Lidt om Krigs begivenhedene i Syd-Italian vinteren 1860-61." *Norsk Militær-Tidsskrift* 1861).

shirts, whose army meanwhile had grown to about twenty thousand men, camped a few days later along the Straits of Messina, from Taormina to Cape Faro.

Sicily was conquered.

Garibaldi's eye was henceforth directed towards the mainland, whose mountains lay threateningly before him on the other side of the strait. Without heeding Victor Emmanuel's command not to attack Naples itself, he, on August 19, crossed the straits from Messina and set foot on Neapolitan soil. In the evening of August 21, the Italian flag waved from the fortifications of Reggio, the strongest town of Calabria. The battle at Reggio was the last trial of strength of the royal army south of Naples. Near to its disbandment it moved northward, while fortified places vied with one another in opening their gates to the victor. The fleet also was as if paralysed. It did not even attempt to hinder the carrying of Garibaldi's troops from Sicily, but made its way without engagement up towards Naples.

The governments and peoples of Europe were thunderstruck at the temerity of the dauntless free-corps' chief. Garibaldi's advance from the southern extremity of Italy to the city of Naples appeared then, and always will appear like a legend of

derring-do. It was almost incredible that such a large part of the once so proud army, created by King Ferdinand through the exertions and great sacrifices of thirty years, could fall to pieces like a building in an earthquake.

The reasons for this lie chiefly in three circumstances. One of these was the out and out rottenness of the Neapolitan kingdom: a military of which foreign mercenaries were the basis; a corrupt administration permeated by red-tapeism, bribery, fraud and peculation; an inconsiderate police; a coarse and ignorant priesthood. The second was the political currents in the Italy of that date, a democratic current common to the whole of Europe and which had its source in the French revolution, and a specific Italian national current, which has already been alluded to in the previous chapter, and which, rooted in the proud traditions of older times, had for its object the unification of the segregated states of Italy into one single state: "*Italia una.*" The third circumstance lay, finally, in the fact that the leadership of the democratic national movement was in the person of such a man as Garibaldi.

No one was as well fitted as he to be the leader of this movement. Burning with patriotism and the love of freedom, a true democrat and at the same

time deeply inspired by the thought of the unity of Italy, the friend of the oppressed, unselfish, self-sacrificing and daring, a knight without fear and without reproach, possessed of an unusual capacity for arousing enthusiasm—he was as if created to be the hero of the people!

Wherever he showed himself in his black felt hat and red shirt he carried the masses with him with irresistible force. He became in a short time the "beating heart," so to speak, of Italy, and around his name and person was soon shed an almost supernatural glamour, like that which surrounds such names as that of William Tell, the legendary hero of the Swiss, or of Jeanne d'Arc of the French.

Garibaldi hastened on the way in forced marches, in order not to give the royal troops time to collect themselves after their defeat. Twenty days after his landing on the mainland of Naples he arrived at Salerno, not many leagues from the capital. He was everywhere greeted as a deliverer. His army found garlands of flowers and recruits where it had expected to find enemies. Garibaldi might, with reason, have taken to himself the well-known utterance of one of Italy's greatest generals of ancient times: "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

At the royal court at Naples these events had a terrifying effect. Many respected royalists fled the country. "Are you all going to desert me?" asked the King despondently.

The Queen-Dowager's father, the Archduke Charles of Austria, had at one time advised King Ferdinand strongly to fortify Gaeta and Capua, so that in case of a revolution in the capital he might retire thither and watch from there the course of events. Remembering her father's advice, Maria Theresa had set off for Gaeta with her sons and daughters; but several of her confidential friends remained behind with the King.

Francis, on receiving the information of Garibaldi's landing had asked the Duke of Chambord what he thought of affairs. The head of the Bourbon family had answered: "With Catalina standing outside the gates it is no moment for concessions and reforms. The King must mount his horse and lead his troops against Garibaldi and Garibaldi's adherents."

This expression was quite at one with the young Queen's views and wishes. Had her advice been listened to she would certainly have voted for a coalition with Victor Emmanuel at a time when such a step was possible; but now

when the power to do this was no longer in their hands, when the enemy was advancing on them, it did not seem to her that there ought to be question of any course but to draw the sword and defend themselves. It was said by Mirabeau, of Marie Antoinette, that she was the only man in King Louis XVI's proximity. Those who saw Maria Sophia at the court of Naples say the same of her. They affirm that during this critical period she was almost the only person who did not lose his head. She endeavoured to imbue her husband with courage, and urged him to take up arms; but to her despair he could not be prevailed upon to come to a final decision. Never before had the likeness we have already pointed out between Francis and Louis XVI been so apparent as during these days. The King was like a reed blown backwards and forwards by the wind—doubting his own energy and powers of decision, suspicious of his counsellors and those nearest to him, seeking support first in one quarter and then in another, but without being able to decide on any course before it was too late.

We know the Queen had on an earlier occasion counselled him to give the country a free constitution; and we know that this constitution was the wish of the people. When it was too late he

made an attempt in this direction ; but he had let the opportunity slip, and no one believed any longer in his promises. His behaviour towards Sardinia and its King was of a piece with this : he now showed signs of wishing to hold out his hand to an alliance, but Victor Emanuel and Cavour rejected the outstretched hand. His government asked protection of Russia, of France, of anyone who could be supposed to have capabilities for assistance ; but the train of events had outdistanced the Bourbon diplomats, and all their efforts were in vain. As a last resource, Francis endeavoured to open negotiations with Garibaldi himself. The time for negotiation, however, had gone by, and a decision could be come to only by the sword.

The waves of party feeling ran high in the Neapolitan kingdom. In the city of Naples the majority seemed still to hold by the King and the ancient dynasty. The Clerical Absolutist party was very important in the capital, and to this party the thought of a fusion of the Neapolitans with the Piedmontese was horrible indeed. But neither were the Clericals satisfied with the present government. They tried to make the King strike a forcible blow. At the end of August the party, in the name of the

Neapolitan people, issued a manifesto which said among other things :

"Sire, kings are made for the people, and not the people for kings!

"Your undying ancestor, Charles III, brought us out of the yoke of the stranger. We will live and die like Neapolitans with the liberal civilisation he gave us.

"Or will the son of Ferdinand and the adorable Maria Christina shamefully deliver us over to the enemy? It cannot be that our beloved ruler Francis has not the courage and strength possessed by the lowest king? Nay, Sire, nay! It cannot be thus!

"Save your people! We demand it in the name of religion.

"We demand of you four things :

"Your ministry is corrupting you—its alliance with Judas and Pilate is a proof of it—change it for faithful counsellors!

"Strangers are conspiring against your throne and your people. Drive these strangers from the land!

"As there are many in your capital who have collected arms, so command that they shall lay down arms!

"The whole of the police are the friends of

your enemies. Set in its place a police upon which you can depend."

Outside Naples, on the other hand, the masses had sided with Garibaldi, and for the scheme of the unification of Italy. In a characteristic proclamation, which was printed and distributed at that time, is the following:

"The time has come to depose the descendants of Charles III.

"You know the Divine justice, you have no more to do with this race!

"The person who reigns over you is not named Francis the Second. No, his name is *baseness*, His father's name was *hatred*, his grandfather (Francis I.) was named *treachery*, his great grandfather (Ferdinand I.) was named *falsehood!*

"Let us not speak of his grandmother and great-grandmother, that Messalina, that Sappho, that our daughters may not blush.

"Neapolitans! Obey everywhere the cry, 'Long live Italy!'

"You alone seem to be deaf and dumb. Reggio, Potenza, Bari, Foggia, all are in full insurrection. You alone look on the Neapolitan fire with such a calm eye that you might be thought to be indifferent.

"Fear to come too late! Fear that when you

come at last, Lombardy, Sicily, Calabria, Basilicata, with the voice of thunder will cry to you: 'Back, ye bastards of Italy, ye are no more our brothers!—Neapolitans, to arms!'"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROYAL COUPLE IN NAPLES

The only course that could have kindled the courage of the troops would have been for the King to assume the defensive.

As has already been mentioned, the Queen was unreservedly in favour of such a plan. The more courageous elements agreed with her that an attempt should be made to cut off Garibaldi's route to the capital, and give battle at Salerno, which was connected with Naples by a railway. This scheme was given up. Those in power feared that Garibaldi might effect a landing in the immediate vicinity of the city, and cut off the royal troops from connection with the forts.

Fear, despondency, and confusion within the leading circles had an undermining effect on the moral courage of the officers and men. Even among the foreign mercenaries, who had hitherto

been dependable, there began to be signs of insubordination and mutinous conduct.

On September 4, it was heard that Garibaldi was approaching. The number of his soldiers was immensely exaggerated. The King held a council of war during the night. The brave General Bosco, who had been in favour of a battle, lay ill. But few of the other generals shared his views. Their advice was to make Capua, or Gaeta, a centre for the struggle against the enemy. Only one dissentient voice was heard, that of the old General Carrascosa who said in his downright way to the King: "Father, if you leave Naples now, you will never come back." His words were not without effect on Francis, who suggested to the other generals that a stand should be made before the capital, but they refused to take the responsibility.

The Queen desired to show herself on horseback to the people and the troops, to restore their courage. The Ministers, several of whom were said to be bribed by the friends of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel, prevented this. They represented to the King that it was his duty to preserve the capital from destruction by a bombardment. These expressions were supported by Cardinal Riario Sforza, who literally compelled the King

to make it his care that Naples should be spared fire and bloodshed. The cardinal was thinking of the one hundred and eighty churches which lay within the walls of the city. His words had the expected effect, for these views agreed with the monarch's deep piety for everything to do with religion.

On the morning of September 5, he summoned Riario Sforza to the Palace, and informed him that he had decided to withdraw the army to a fortified position between Capua and Gaeta. At the same time he gave his confidential adviser, Spinelli, orders to assist him in writing a farewell proclamation to the people. When this was done the King and Queen drove out in an open carriage, two gentlemen of the court accompanying them.

This was their last drive through the streets of Naples, which as ever were thronged with people. Francis did not seem troubled by any disquiet at the thought of the momentous step he was about to take. As regards the Queen, she showed her usual liveliness. She joked and laughed as she talked to the King, and the two gentlemen. The passers-by raised their hats to their Majesties, and the royal couple returned the salutes with their usual courtesy. The faces of

the populace bore no stamp, either of patriotic zeal or enthusiasm, and no demonstrations took place. How often, during the heavy years of exile, when the hope of returning to the throne from time to time blazed up again only to die out, must not the thoughts of the King and Queen have gone back to this scene, which they now regarded with indifference?

At the end of the Chiaja, exactly opposite what was then the shop of the court chemist, the royal carriage was brought to a standstill by some heavy carts, which were being driven along. The apothecary had had the Bourbon lilies painted over the door as a sign of his calling. A ladder was now put up to these emblems, and added to the congested condition of the traffic in the street. The King noticed the men on the ladder, who were occupied in taking down the Bourbon arms. He pointed upwards and drew the attention of his wife to the apothecary's prudence. The Duke of San Donato, who was passing by at the same moment and saw the whole scene, was more affected by it than their Majesties, and audibly expressed his displeasure. But neither the King nor the Queen showed any sign of annoyance at what they saw. They turned to one another and laughed.

The following morning the King's farewell

proclamation was found posted up at every street corner in Naples. It had been done during the night. The language was dignified, and expressed resignation rather than anger.

"Of all the duties laid upon a king," said the proclamation, "the greatest and most solemn is that of bearing misfortune.

"We are determined to fulfil this duty without weakness, with resignation, as is seemly in the descendant of so many rulers.

"We therefore address Ourselves once more to the population of Our capital, which We leave with pain because We cannot give Our life as a sacrifice for its happiness and honour.

"An unrighteous war, a war against international law has broken in upon Our realm, although We were at peace with all the governments of Europe.

"The change in Our form of government, Our assent to the great national principles, has not succeeded in averting the war.

"We solemnly protest against this incursion of foreign troops, and We appeal to the justice of all civilised nations!

"The war is approaching the walls of the city. It is with unspeakable pain that We leave it, with a portion of Our army, in order to try to

prevent, as far as lies in Our power, its injury or destruction.

"We are a Neapolitan. Filled with bitter sorrow We address these words of farewell to Our greatly beloved subjects. Whatever may be Our fate We shall ever keep them in warm and affectionate remembrance.

"We urge it upon them to live in peace and charity with one another, and We beg that no undue zeal for Our fate may be the torch to disturb the internal quiet.

"Should it please Divine Justice once more to reinstate Us on the throne of Our forefathers, all We pray is that We may be allowed again to see Our Neapolitans agreed and happy."

Simultaneously he addressed to the Powers a protest against Garibaldi's invasion, and a prescription of his rights.

It may be imagined how trying it was for the royal couple to prepare for so sudden a flight. The night between September 5 and 6 was not a quiet one at the Palace. A string of huge waggons was silently driven away under military escort. Early the next morning a quantity of luggage was sent on board some steam vessels which were lying at anchor in the military harbour.

Almost all the things that were removed were personal possessions belonging to the royal couple, or were household articles. Nothing of any value was taken from the Royal Palace. As an example it may be mentioned that the enormous service of gold and silver plate, which had gone down as an heirloom during the one-hundred and twenty-six years that the Bourbons had reigned in Naples, was left behind. All this was subsequently delivered over by Garibaldi to the Provisional Government. In accordance with the King's express command all the costly effects belonging to the Palace, and the whole of the notable collection of pictures were left in their places. The only things which Francis desired to keep were a picture representing St. Peter, a statue and a marble bust of Pius IX., a picture by Titian, and a "Holy Family," by Raphael.

In addition to these, the royal couple took with them in their flight a box containing a wax effigy in natural size of St. Jasonia, which had stood under the altar in the royal chapel, some pictures of saints, and more than sixty relics, which had decorated the walls in the various rooms of the Palace.

The most valuable of these objects was un-

doubtedly the remarkable "Holy Family," by Raphael. The unfortunate royal couple, however, were not long allowed to keep it. The Spanish minister, Bermudez di Castro, asked Francis to make him a present of it, and the kind-hearted King complied with his request. The minister subsequently tried to sell it to the Louvre gallery, but was not satisfied with the sum offered him. From Paris he sent it to the South Kensington Museum, where in consequence of inefficient restoring it lost so much of its beauty and value that no one would buy it. In his will he bequeathed it back to the exiled King, but neither Francis nor Maria Sophia has ever sent for it, and it still remains at South Kensington.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DEPARTURE—THE LANDING AT GAETA—FATHER BORELLI'S PROPHECY

On the morning of September 6, Francis summoned the leaders of the National Guard to him. He thanked them for their attitude towards him, and again made the reassuring declaration that he had commanded the troops to protect the capital.

He had made out a list of those persons belonging to the court whom he wished to accompany him to Gaeta; but when the moment came they failed to appear. The Master of the Horse, Count Micaelo Imperiale, was the only one of the higher functionaries who stepped forth; and the King was so touched by his conduct that he handed him the grand cross of the order of San Fernando.

At four o'clock in the afternoon there was a Cabinet Council, and the King's approaching

departure was then publicly made known. The Ministers betook themselves to the Palace to bid their sovereign farewell. They kissed his hand for the last time in the shadow of his fathers' home. Francis endeavoured not to show his feelings. He talked amiably with all, and for fear of losing his self-possession joked with several of them. With great tenderness he embraced his two devoted friends, Torella and Spinelli. But the number of those present was sadly small. Most of those who had received great gifts from the royal couple were conspicuous by their absence.

All the servants belonging to the Royal Palace, however, were there; and many of them wept when they parted from the Queen. She tried to encourage them by expressing hopes which no doubt she cherished. "We shall soon come back," she said, as they kissed her hands.

Good-natured and easily moved, as are the people of Naples, there was little sign outside in the city of sympathy with the royal couple. Most people looked upon the departure of the King and Queen as a guarantee that the capital would not be the scene of a conflict. All were thinking of Garibaldi's advent; some with hope, others with fear.

At half-past six the King and Queen left the Palace on foot. The Queen wore an ordinary travelling dress, and on her head a large, round, straw hat, trimmed with flowers. The King was in uniform. Accompanied by some of the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, they walked through the Palace gardens down to the steep steps which lead to the arsenal.

Maria Sophia leant on her husband's arm. Though ominous signs were not wanting to throw a shadow on the moment of departure, she was to all appearance self-possessed ; nay, almost gay. The Bay of Naples lay before them mirror-like and deeply blue, as bright as silver. But farther away rose the lofty Vesuvius, with its naked burning summit, like a threat in the midst of Nature's brilliant beauty. Moreover, it had been found necessary that morning to force the stokers of the vessel, which was to carry the King and Queen to Gaeta, to remain on board. Many people advised the royal couple to place themselves under the protection of a foreign power, or to flee the city in secrecy. As usual with the vacillating Francis, he neither knew what he wanted, nor what he ought to do. The captain of the vessel, who was as true as steel, had positively to persuade him to sail with him,

declaring that Francis would lose his dignity if he left Naples as a fugitive.

Before the vessel had got under way the King received yet another proof of how completely he had lost his power. He commanded that the Neapolitan ships of war in the harbour should be signalled to escort him to Gaeta. They took no notice whatsoever of the royal signals. The same indifference occurred when were met four steamships belonging to the royal fleet. Only one sailing ship of the fleet accompanied the King and Queen, but upon this there were many loyal seamen.

Two Spanish men-of-war also escorted them. On board these were the Austrian, the Prussian, and the Spanish ministers.

The voyage was terribly depressing. It had been decided on so hurriedly that no one had thought of such a simple thing as that the King and Queen might require something to eat; nor had other conveniences been thought of which might have lessened the disagreeables of the journey. Not a thing had been done which could have encouraged them or strengthened them to meet the misfortunes which were in store for them.

The Queen remained on deck. It was a marvellously beautiful evening. The sun threw

its last brilliant rays across the sea, whose glittering waters softly rocked a countless number of vessels. At ten in the evening she retired, quite worn out with the hasty packing and the farewells to her servants.

She lay down on the sofa in the little deck cabin. It had grown suddenly cold when the sun went down. The King spent the night on deck. The coast of Naples was vanishing gradually from his view. Who knows if a premonition may not have whispered to him that he would never look upon it again. Now and then only he uttered a few words to the faithful captain, but otherwise paced up and down, sunk in the deepest silence. At two in the morning he asked if the Queen had gone below. He was answered that she was still asleep in the deck cabin. He went softly into it, and stood long looking at her. Without waking her, he took off his cloak and spread it over her to protect her from the cold of the night air.

At six in the morning the steamer steered into the harbour of Gaeta. Three hours later the King and Queen went ashore. The Queen-Dowager and her sons and daughters received them on landing. The Queen's confessor, Father Borelli, was in their suite.

On June 24 of the same year, the young King had asked the priest for his advice as to whether he ought to give the United Kingdoms a constitution. "The Queen and her advisers wish me to give my country a constitution," he had said. "What do you think of it?" Father Borelli had seriously warned him against taking such a step, for, in his opinion, a constitution would only hasten on a revolution. He had repeated almost word for word what the late king had always said were his views. "I believe you are right," had answered Francis II., "but all the same I cannot follow your advice." "Your Majesty will come to remember this Midsummer Day, perhaps the last on which I kiss the King of Naples' hand," Borelli had made answer.

These words were in the mind of both when the priest stepped forward, and with tears in his eyes, kissed again and again the hands of the King.

"Padre Borelli," said Francis, with a sad smile, "Do you remember what you said to me in Portici on the twenty-fourth of June?"

The priest answered: "If your Majesty is no longer a great king on earth, you can still be a great saint in heaven."

CHAPTER XX

GARIBALDI'S ENTRANCE INTO NAPLES

The King and Queen had hardly left their capital before Naples sent out deputations to receive its "Redeemer."

The former Minister for Foreign Affairs, Laborio Romani, composed an address to Garibaldi, in which he said that men "awaited his coming with impatience, that he might be welcomed as the deliverer of Italy, and their fate be placed in his hand." The hero of the people did not keep them long waiting. He hurried on before his troops, and arrived with such speed that there was no time for lengthy preparation.

There had been little sleep in Naples that night. The morning sun found the whole city astir. The main streets were thronged with people, most of whom carried arms, for a reactionary movement was feared. Windows, loggias, and housetops were crowded with spectators.

Everything contributed to surround the chief with an almost supernatural halo. The volunteers' picturesque dress, their less strict discipline, their rapid progress and glowing proclamations, all appealed to the lively imagination of the warm-blooded South Italians.

The National Guard were drawn up at all the exits of the railway station. A large number of prominent men had assembled in the waiting-rooms, but only a few ladies were present. A bell was rung; a train approached. Some flags were run up, deafening cheers were heard. But it was not the hero—only a division of the foreign mercenaries, which had recently gone over to the winning side. At twelve o'clock another bell was rung; it was the signal that at last Garibaldi might be expected. The train stopped, "Long live Garibaldi" was heard from a thousand voices.

A few red-shirts emerged. They were embraced and kissed with the merciless ardour which characterises Italians when they are greatly moved. An old man, who was mistaken for Garibaldi, was so crushed and covered with succulent kisses that it seemed as if he would hardly escape with his life. Meanwhile the great man had gone out by another way. People

hurried off in all directions to stop him ; this time they could not be mistaken.

His entry was as brilliant and demonstrative as that of Francis and Maria had been silent and sorrowful. A large national flag had been unfurled. It bore the arms of the house of Savoy, those of the city of Naples, with the wild horse, and those of the city of Venice, a lion. Garibaldi kissed the flag and said : "Our brothers will soon be united!" Tears ran down his cheeks, and many of the spectators wept. Some open carriages conveyed him and his few companions into the city, where all the shops had been closed for fear of what might happen. Eight thousand men of the royal troops held the Palace, and mounted guard in a few places which the hero passed as he drove along. They had remained in the capital to keep order, but they had received no command to use their arms. An officer is said to have ordered his men to fire on Garibaldi, but the hero's bold belief in his cause, and the jubilant crowds which accompanied him, carried even the reluctant with them.

Amid deafening shouts of joy, amid a shower of flowers thrown from the windows, amid the fluttering of several hundred tricolor flags Garibaldi made his entrance into the capital. All

the houses were decorated with national emblems and other embellishments. Verses of warlike and patriotic songs were to be heard on all sides, and unceasingly the cry of: "Naples, Italy, Garibaldi." The pressing burden of fear had been with one stroke lifted from the beautiful city: "*La bella Napoli.*" The manifestations of joy at the political liberation knew no bounds. Even the brilliant sky above seemed to share the people's joy.

Garibaldi refused to proceed to the Palace, which only the evening before had been vacated by the King and Queen. He drove through the "Basso Porto" to Lago Castello, on past the Royal Palace, and thence to the palace reserved for the use of foreign princes.

The crowds surged round this building, gazed up at the windows, uttered deafening cheers, and called for the Dictator. First of all a Garibaldian, in his red shirt came out; then another, and lastly the hero himself. Thundering applause rose from the crowds below. The vociferations were far too great for Garibaldi to be able to make himself heard. He contented himself with leaning over the balcony, and looking attentively at the mass of people.

This was in truth a remarkable spectacle.

To the spectator's eye was presented the sight of a troop of Amazons who had donned Garibaldi's uniform, vowing that if the royal troops should interfere, they would place themselves in front of the National Guard and of Garibaldi. There were priests with tricolor ribbons across their shoulders and flags in their hands, bare-headed monks with a gun on their arm, and men and women with swords, daggers, and clubs, which they wielded with the ungoverned enthusiasm of people beside themselves with joy. There were, moreover, hundreds of lazzaroni armed with lances which had been procured for the defence of the barricades, in case Francis had willed to drive the people to such an extreme. Garibaldi waved his hand to command silence, but it was in vain. Emotion had paled his otherwise ruddy countenance. His face showed a seriousness which was in curious contrast with the feverish transports of his admirers; but in his eyes was the reflection of the fire which glowed within him.

At last there was silence.

"Neapolitans!" he began with a ringing voice and enunciation so clear that not a syllable was lost. "This is a solemn, holy, memorable day! After having been oppressed by the yoke of tyranny you have to-day become a free people.

I thank you in the name of the whole of Italy! You have completed a great work, not only for Italy, but for the whole of humanity, whose rights you have maintained. Long live freedom! It is so much the dearer to Italy because she has suffered so much more than other nations. Long live Italy!" The cry was taken up by the thousands standing below. Their "*Viva*" could be heard from one end of the city to the other.

In the afternoon Garibaldi visited the cathedral. Here he was greeted, if possible, with still greater enthusiasm, and by larger crowds than in the forenoon. The people hastened to and fro unceasingly, embraced and kissed one another, and shouted hurrah. When dusk came on the houses were illuminated. The flags hanging on either side of the streets almost touched each other. A torch-light procession on foot and in carriages was organised, and took its way through the Via di Toledo and other parts of the town. People hurried along, drunk with joy, a flag or banner in one hand and a sword in the other. And whenever two throngs of people met they stopped to embrace and kiss one another.

On September 8 and 9 as well, Naples was like one large room in which a festivity is

taking place. Garibaldi was the idol of the people, the triumpher in the beautiful city. He had taken Naples captive.

But here and there, in nooks and corners, were a few persons who were friendly to the King, and fearful for the fate of Francis and Maria. The fallen sovereign had not even taken the precaution to remove his private money. Eleven million ducats—the dowery Queen Maria Christina had brought with her—lay in the keeping of the Bank of Naples. The bank receipt for this sum was entrusted to an officer of the royal household, one Rispoli. After Garibaldi had made his entrance, and had come to know of this fact, he sent for the man and forced him to deliver up the paper, which later on he made over to the new government.

The unfortunate Rispoli, who was attached to the old ruling house, was so horrified at thus being robbed of what his King had so confidently entrusted to his hands that he had a fit, and died the following day.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ROYAL COUPLE AT GAETA

It is probable that the King, at the moment of his departure, had made no plans as to how far he would or could defend himself. His friends wished him to let the deluge pass over his head, hoping that he would be recalled and would enter into a membership of an Italian united states.

From Gaeta he and his brothers went first to Capua. The state of things within the royal army improved. The presence of the King and the young Princes brought about unity and concord, and revived the dwindling courage. All those who had anything to gain by the restoration of the Bourbons in Naples, or who were too compromised in the eyes of those now in power to dare to remain in their posts, hurried to the royal headquarters, where they fomented a warlike spirit among the officers and men, though

without themselves having any intention of risking their skin.

Far more zealous and more self-sacrificing was a large number of volunteer defenders of the legitimate royal house, who had hastened from Germany to help their young and beloved countrywoman, towards whom all eyes now began to turn. It is perhaps due to these volunteers that the King's cause was so long maintained.

The arsenals and most of the stores had fallen into Garibaldi's hands. But the King assembled and organised his troops behind the Volturno, and the royal army still amounted to fifty thousand men, who were well equipped in every respect. The more warlike spirit which now reigned decided Francis to make an attempt to break through Garibaldi's army, and if possible penetrate to Naples, where, secret agents assured him, the royal troops would be well received by the right-thinking public.

On October 1, at daybreak, the attack was made, but the royal troops were overwhelmed, and were obliged to seek cover behind the Volturno, or take refuge in Capua, the gates of which town opened at five o'clock in the afternoon to admit the last fugitives.

Previous to these occurrences Victor Emmanuel

had decided to interfere in the course of events. In Naples the populace had voted with much calm and order for the adhesion of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to "*Italia Una.*" The movement in Southern Italy had yet to be organised. The new king was already on the way to this new part of his kingdom. One or two divisions of his troops had arrived before the battle of the Volturno, but they had not yet taken part in any engagement. The news of the advance of the Piedmontese spread fear and confusion among the royal troops. For a short time it was the intention of Francis and his generals to fight out a decisive battle behind the Garigliano, a position which offered considerable advantages, and on October 28 they succeeded in repulsing an attack of the enemy. Shortly afterwards, however, Capua was forced to surrender. Led by Victor Emmanuel, the Piedmontese crossed the Garigliano and compelled the Italian army to shut itself up in Gaeta.

This fortress is one of the strongest on the peninsula, and is called from its situation "The Gibraltar of Italy." It has often played a prominent part in the South Italian wars. The bay of Gaeta is very large, and provides excellent harbourage for trading purposes; it may, moreover, be compared for beauty with the bay of Naples.

The port is deeper, larger and safer than that of Naples. Gaeta lies about forty miles from the latter city, about forty-five from San Germano and Capua (little more than twenty miles from the frontier of the then Papal States), and rather more than one hundred and fifty miles from Rome. San Germano, Capua, and Gaeta together formed in 1859 a triangle of fortresses, where a brave, well-led and well-equipped army might have made a determined and protracted stand.

Gaeta at this time possessed some fifteen thousand inhabitants. It was irregularly but not unpleasing built. The streets were narrow and steep, but were well paved. There was usually plenty of life in the town, and it presented a picturesque scene. According to tradition, a grove in the vicinity is the spot where Cicero was murdered at the command of Antonio. Between the seashore and the fortress is a vestige of olden times in the shape of the "Torre d'Orlando," so called by the inhabitants, where a friend of the Emperor Augustus lies buried. The town and the fortress are situated on two heights, which are separated by a deep cleft. On the southernmost of these is situated the larger and more important part of the town. On the more northern, which is nearly four times as large as

the other, are the fortifications. Both heights are precipitous, and in places inaccessible from the side facing the sea. On its western side, the neck of land which connects the mainland with the point is also very steep. The little villages, Borgo di Gaeta and Castillione, hardly more than a row of houses running along the shore, are looked upon as suburbs of the fortress. Farther towards the south, where the shore trends so far inward that the bay intervenes between it and Gaeta, lies the little village of Mola, which the Piedmontese made their head-quarters.

It would seem that Victor Emmanuel's generals, accustomed to the feeble resistance they had met with since their entrance into the kingdom of Naples, hardly expected here any serious defence. But supported by a French fleet which was guarding the sea side, by a portion of his troops, and above all, by his heroic consort, the King had at last made up his mind, in spite of everything, to sustain a siege.

Besides the King and the Queen, his step-mother and two of his uncles—the Prince of Capua and the Count of Trapani—his five step-brothers and four step-sisters had all taken refuge in the fortress. The youngest of his step-sisters had not yet com-

pleted her third year. In Gaeta were also the court functionaries who had accompanied him, and nearly the whole of the diplomatic corps. The ministers of England and of France had not come with the others, having received instructions from their respective governments to remain in the capital in order to keep them informed of what was going on there. When Francis wished to negotiate with the Emperor Napoleon he was consequently obliged to address himself to the admiral of the French fleet.

Despite all that had happened it is probable that the royal family did not at first see how difficult was their position. Gaeta had a garrison of 21,000 men, and the fortress was provided with a quantity of ammunition. Victuals for the army were procured from the Papal States, through the ports of Civita Vecchia and Terracina.

The King's uncle, the Count of Trapani, took nominal command, but the brave General Bosco was the real leader of the defence. At the time of the capitulation in Sicily he had been obliged to bind himself to remain inactive for half a year, but this term had now expired, and his return infused new courage into the King's partisans.

The bombardment by the Piedmontese began on November 13 (1860). The fortress answered

vigorously. The King and the Princes fought at the head of the troops. The Queen visited the hospitals, the casemates, and batteries, endearing herself to all.

On November 21 the Queen-Dowager left, with her younger children, for Rome. The same day also saw the departure of all the diplomats, with the exception of the aforesaid Spanish minister, Bermudez di Castro, who was a personal friend of the King. On their departure, Francis distributed orders as a testimony of his gratitude to the ministers for having remained with him for so long. Even Gaeta's archbishop left the sinking ship, although his place now, more than ever, should have been in the midst of his suffering people.

The King tried to persuade his wife to leave him and go to her home in Bavaria, while there was yet time. In the newspapers of the day it was already announced that she had left Gaeta, but the Queen would not entertain the idea of any change of residence. She was bold by nature; her courage simply was reckless. During the time of great fear in the capital, before the departure of the royal family from Naples, she had been almost the only person who the whole while had remained calm, fearless, and cheerful. In the

midst of these trying defeats the daughter of the Wittelsbachs had reflected honour on the royal house of Naples. At Gaeta she declared it to be her fixed intention to remain with the King to the last.

Never before, until they were given over by the world to face danger alone, had these two felt how strong was the tie which bound them together. Europe had had a poor opinion of Francis during his brief term of rule, he had even been openly twitted for his weakness and cowardliness. In Naples his nickname had been alternately "*il re imbecille*," "Bombino" and "Franciscillo." But he redeemed his character in the hour of misfortune. In Naples his *entourage* had given him conflicting counsels; in Gaeta most of his counsellors had abandoned him. He was no longer blown hither and thither by every wind of heaven. He became more decided and manly, and he sacrificed his personal feelings for what he considered to be his duty. Generous to those whom he could have treated as enemies, he commanded respect; not the least so from those near to him.

One terribly stormy night, four Piedmontese merchantmen were compelled to seek refuge in the harbour of Gaeta. The King could have kept these ships and their cargoes as prizes

but he did not do so, and instead gave them permission to leave the harbour, under his own protection.

He was continually on the ramparts, supervising the work himself, and trying as best he might to fire the courage of the besieged. His two half-brothers, the Counts of Trani and Caserta, also showed great courage; but the Queen surpassed them all. She set at defiance all danger and difficulty, and daily looked death in the face with a haughty calm. She proved herself moreover, to be in possession of other virtues. During the daytime, and often also at night, she visited the hospitals, carrying with her medicaments, food, and fruit, for distribution. Daily she moved amidst pain and lamentation. She comforted and tried to heal wherever she could, and never recoiled from the sight of the most terrible wounds and diseases. While one of the sisters of mercy was lying ill, she herself took over the care of all her patients. One day when she was on her way to one of the hospitals, the shells fell like rain around her. A Swiss officer, who saw that her life was in danger, wished to conduct her back to one of the casemates, but the Queen waved him aside, saying: "As a German woman and as Queen, it is my duty to do all that lies in my

power for those who are fighting and suffering for our cause," and so saying she quietly continued her way through the hailing balls.

The soldiers were rejoiced to see her, and followed her with their eyes as she moved about the wards. They were all enthusiasm for this young and pretty queen who thought nothing of jumping on to her horse and dashing off to one or other of the hospitals, which had been hastily put up on the batteries. Already at the beginning of the struggle she acquired something of the manliness which was wanting in her weakly husband, and which she has retained during her subsequent life.

The Piedmontese noticed that at a certain hour of the day there was always an unusual stir and movement on the fortifications of the beleagured town. Curious to discover the reason for it the officers at the most advanced outposts directed their glasses with renewed ardour on the fortress. They then saw a young woman, in Calabrian costume, who appeared daily on the so-called "Queen's battery," and who looked on thence at the firing. Sometimes she came on horseback, sometimes in a carriage. The foreign papers began to say that this young woman, whose presence among the artillerymen recalled

Henry III.'s enemy, the dauntless Duchess of Montpensier, could be no other than the Queen of Naples. With her Calabrian hat on her head, and wrapped in her ample cloak, Francis II.'s consort was beautiful and fantastic as she walked to and fro among the guns, encouraging the soldiers. This young, handsome, courageous and light-hearted woman was in truth a worthy representative of a kingdom which was defending its last redoubt.

In her picturesque martial garb she would walk about under a veritable hail of balls, inciting the last defenders of the royal couple to a stubborn resistance. In the midst of danger she kept her lofty gaiety of spirit; she showed always a smiling face, and never spoke of her own fate. The soldiers' confidence in her was boundless; and even in the hour of death they turned to her, certain of her good faith. A young soldier who felt that his last hour was approaching asked one night that the Queen might be called. He was told that she was asleep, and that she required rest as she had been nursing the wounded and working very hard for several days previously. Her maid, however, knowing how eager the Queen was to fulfil the wishes of the wounded, awakened her all the same. Maria

Sophia hastened to the hospital, and soon stood beside the dying man's bed. The soldier said to her:

"I am engaged to be married in my own country, and I should like to leave my betrothed the money I have saved from my pay. But she not certain to receive this unless your Majesty will send it to her."

With tears in her eyes the Queen promised that the dying man's wish should be fulfilled, and thanked him heartily for the trust he had reposed in her.

One day a shell fell so close to her feet that she would certainly have been killed had not an officer taken her round the waist and swung her under a protecting wall. Although the shell in exploding carried away a large part of the wall by which she was standing, and although her dress was covered with earth and dust she did not seem to notice that she had been in any danger. Another day when standing in the embrasure of a window in the castle, in conversation with the Spanish minister, a cannon-ball exploded so near to them that the panes were shivered, and the fragments of glass flew up into Maria Sophia's face. She laughingly remarked: "It is very rude of the enemy never to leave me in peace

anywhere. They have driven me from one room to the other, and now they will not even let me be here."

"Alas, Madam," answered the minister, "you have had fulfilled your wish of seeing a ball at close quarters."

"I should have liked a little wound too," said the Queen.

It was at last decided that a black flag should be run up while she was on her rounds among the wounded. This signal was as a rule respected by the enemy, but Maria Sophia herself paid no heed to it but continually rode about those parts of the fortifications which were exposed to the hottest fire.

CHAPTER XXII

SIEGE AND FAMINE—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND KING FRANCIS

From Gaeta the King had protested against the new order of affairs in Naples. "Whatsoever may be my fate," he says in the protest, "I shall remain true to my people and to the constitution which I have given you." His proclamation was widely spread abroad, but it could not stop the course of events.

We know that he and his generals at the beginning of the war had let slip opportunities of making the most of their army. On the retreat to Gaeta he had found himself in an unusual position for a general, namely, that of wishing to part with two thirds of his soldiers. He had given orders that a large number of the troops should endeavour to cross the Roman frontier, where he hoped that they could be collected and used as the nucleus of a rising in the Abruzzi.

By dint of spreading rumours of the terrible treatment to which the prisoners would be subjected if they should fall into the hands of the Piedmontese, the Bourbon officers had succeeded in frightening the soldiers to such an extent that they were hardly to be induced to go northward before it was too late, and the connection cut off. Only a moiety of them entered Roman territory and were there disarmed.

The French fleet which was lying outside the port of Gaeta had from the first done the defenders of the fortress incalculable services. Owing to the admiral's conduct, which was in favour of the legitimate King, all bombardment from the sea became an impossibility. Simultaneously he opened avenues for the King's helpers to procure what was required for the victualling of the fortress. Eventually the provision ships carried many of the Neapolitan troops away from Gaeta, and landed them in Terracina and Civita Vecchia. In accordance with the King's personal wish the garrison was thus gradually reduced to 15,000 men.

Already the want of food had become appreciable. On November 22, a journalist wrote in his diary that it was difficult to procure bread, and that food of all kinds was twice as dear as

elsewhere. Matters became worse and worse as time went by. Rice and beans could no longer be had for money. Maccaroni was three times as dear as in Naples. Potatoes were still dearer, and moreover very difficult to procure. Fish was hardly to be had. Only the officers were allowed meat, distributed in small rations, and of exceedingly poor quality. Horses and mules were so starved that many fell down dead in the streets. Others of these unfortunate animals tried to stave off hunger by gnawing at the woodwork round the house-doors to which they were tied up. The famine occasioned a bad state of health among the troops. A severe typhus epidemic broke out, and filled in a very short space of time every bed in the hospitals.

The royal couple did all in their power to procure better food for the wounded. On the great religious festivals, such as Christmas Eve, Francis and Maria sent all the fish that had been procured for their table to the sisters of mercy, that they might distribute it in the hospitals.

Among the official documents which have been preserved relating to the bombardment of Gaeta, a correspondence between Francis and Napoleon is among the most interesting.

After his arrival at Gaeta the King's first step had been to address himself to the Emperor. The letter is dated October 16, 1860, and in it he thanks him for the support afforded him by the French fleet.

That portion of the Neapolitan troops which had sought refuge in the Papal States had been received with friendliness by the French troops stationed there. In a letter dated November 6, he again expresses his thanks to the French sovereign. Napoleon was then at the height of his power, and was looked upon as the real leader of European politics. His assistance was therefore of the greatest importance to the dethroned prince. The King of Naples' letter expresses the hope that the Emperor's attitude will remain the same.

If his faith in the continued assistance was as great as his letters give one to suppose, excessive indeed must have been the disappointment in store for him. On December 6 he received a communication from Napoleon informing him that the political situation had become so complicated that it would be impossible for the French fleet to preserve for any length of time the strict neutrality which from the beginning had been a part of his scheme. He adds that this will be particu-

larly difficult if Francis remains in Gaeta. He therefore calls upon him to withdraw with honour. The King of Naples, continues the Emperor, has already sufficiently shown that he is capable of asserting his royal dignity under the hardest strokes of fate. But now he ought to withdraw in consideration of the many human lives he is risking by the continuance of a hopeless struggle.

Francis received the document through the French admiral. For a moment, it would seem, he thought of following the advice contained in it, and giving up the struggle. On December 12, he intimates as much in a letter to the admiral. He adds, however, that the garrison does not agree with him as to the advisability of giving over the fortress and the town. "For," he says, "the fortress is strong, and all those around me beg me to remain. They declare that I should be betraying my faithful adherents if I gave up the town, the army, and all."

The following day he writes to the Emperor that he is sorry for the latter's decision to withdraw his fleet, and declares that this step will greatly add to the difficulties of his position. He says that before he can make up his mind what he ought to do in these new circumstances he must

examine the strength of his resources. For this reason he regrets that so short a time has been given him for consideration.

Compelled to abandon the hope that Napoleon would change his mind he writes two days later (December 15, 1860) a very dignified letter, in which he declares that he will defend himself and his rights to the last. He speaks of himself as sacrificed to his own inexperience, and to the designs and ambition of others, but at the same time he expresses his firm conviction that God Almighty will protect him, and that mankind will treat him with justice.

He concludes by thanking the Emperor for the friendship he has shown him.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SIEGE IS CONTINUED—A SHORT TRUCE—THE FRENCH FLEET LEAVES THE HARBOUR

THE siege of Gaeta lasted from November 13, 1860, to February 13, 1861, that is to say during three whole months.

On December 8, 1860, Francis issued a manifesto to the people of the Two Sicilies which by reason of its diginfied tone made a great impression. On the last day of this fateful year he received an address, which was signed by all his officers, and which must have been a great consolation to him. They renewed in this address their oath of allegiance. They expressed in terms of warmth their unswerving affection and respect for him, and they declared that it was their fixed determination to defend his colours to the last drop of their blood.

With the new year the bombardment was redoubled. January 8 was one of the most

terrible days of the struggle. All the batteries spat fire over the fortress and the town. The unceasing canonnade was so deafening that the besieged were obliged to shout loudly to one another in order to make themselves heard. Not a single building was spared. Countless lives were lost when fire broke out, or when the houses fell in. The whole town presented a picture of the most complete ruin.

The Piedmontese have been reproached, not without reason, that they spared neither the churches nor the hospitals. Both sick and wounded, and their nurses, were struck by bombs and shells. The Red Cross convention had not at that time entered into force; but all the misery endured by the wounded in North Italy during the preceding year of war was the mainspring of the foundation of this society two years later.

The cannon were now particularly directed on that part of the castle where it was known the King and Queen were lodging. The windows were broken by splinters from the shells; and a ball penetrated the wall of the Queen's dressing-room. The officers agreed among themseles to request the royal couple to move into a casemate in one of the batteries opposite the castle.

The new dwelling which Francis had prepared for

himself and his consort, and where the royal couple lived day and night during the greater part of the siege was a small damp vault under the battery known as "*La Favorita.*" Here lived, not only the King and Maria Sophia, but the Princes, the court officials, and the officers of highest grade, in a number of small cells, divided by thin wooden partitions. Between certain of them the occupants contented themselves with merely a rough screen as a wall. In each of the cells there was a bed, a chair, and a small table.

The narrow passage, which connected the various rooms, was invarialy full of people who had to speak with the officers, and of servants, who long ago had laid aside their livery and all other outward signs that they were in the service of a king and queen. A low door led into the square cell inhabited by the Queen. Her furniture consisted of a large sofa, and a prie-dieu. In a niche, a little farther away, was a dressing-room. For security against fragments of projectiles planks of oak had been fixed across the small windows facing the street. As a consequence of this precaution her room was so dark that she had to have a candle burning night and day. It need hardly be said that the atmosphere was exceedingly close, and as the weeks went by

became absolutely vitiated. The battery formed the roof of the casemate; and the ceaseless thundering of the guns must have been extremely disagreeable for the royal couple.

From this uncomfortable room the Queen wrote to her parents that they need have no anxiety about her, as, considering the circumstances, she was very well off. She bore with fortitude continual hardship and danger. She still watched with care over the wounded in the hospitals, and at the same time visited the forts, stood together with the soldiers under fire and smoke, and was a shining example to them in the matter of courage. She proved herself the very soul of every undertaking, and as the danger grew, came more and more to the forefront.

Through the negotiations of the French admiral a truce was arranged, which was to last for ten days (from January 9 to 19). The belligerent parties did their utmost to benefit by this respite. Within the fortress immense exertions were made to complete the victualling, and, as a matter of fact, a considerable stock of food was brought in from Terracina. The batteries were improved; and the officers spread a report, which perhaps they themselves believed, that help was coming to them from without.

People spoke of a Prussian fleet which was to take the place of the French one, and of Spanish intervention.

On January 16, the cannon of Gaeta were again thundering. This time, however, it was not the besieged who answered but the French fleet, which had not yet received definite orders to leave the harbour. It was the young King's five and twentieth birthday. Dressed with flags from deck to masthead the foreign squadron saluted him on this the last birthday he was to celebrate within bounds of his kingdom. Relying, also, on the truce, the ministers of the foreign Powers had come from Rome to congratulate him. They recommended him to hold out to the last; but when asked to remain in Gaeta, to encourage the garrison, they suddenly remembered hindrances. All were obliged to leave, with the except of the ministers of Austria and Saxony.

An honourable exception was still, however, the Spanish minister, Bermudez di Castro, Marquis of Lerma. As has already been mentioned, he remained with the King through all dangers, and throughout the siege was the royal couple's adviser and friend.

The truce expired on January 19. In Gaeta, that day, the glance of the troops and the

population was directed almost continuously on the French fleet. There had been reports that it was to leave ; but the same rumour had so often before been circulated that hopes had begun to be entertained that again this time it would be untrue. About two o'clock, however, a dark column of smoke was seen to be rising from one of the steam frigates, and it soon proved that the whole squadron had fire under their boilers.

One of the steamships began to move, several others followed her. At three o'clock the great flagship *La Bretagne* glided majestically past the lighthouse, on the outermost point of the batteries of Gaeta, and left Italy's last Bourbon to his fate.

A couple of Spanish men-of-war followed immediately in the wake of the French ships.

The last hope of assistance vanished with the French sailing ships. There was now left only a little French corvette, *La Mouette.* Two days latter she also went out to sea, but remained in the vicinity.

From the day when the French fleet left the harbour until the end of the siege,—that is to say nearly one month,—Gaeta was entirely cut off from the outer world, and shut in by the enemy on all sides.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BOMBARDMENT IS RECOMMENCED—THE QUEEN'S COURAGE AND ENTHUSIASM—A LETTER FROM THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE TO MARIA SOPHIA—THE SITUATION BECOMES DESPERATE—THE KING BEGINS TO TREAT.

On the morning of January 22, the fortress again opened fire. This was kept up with great heat on both sides until towards evening.

General Bosco stood in the midst of the shower of bombs, encouraging his men, who did their work with unusual accuracy and zeal. The ardour of the royal family was unchecked. The Queen on this day, a day on which the cannonade was particularly severe, gave her husband no peace until she had gained his permission to go up on the batteries, the better to see the places where the Piedmontese attack was severest. The King at first would not allow it, but as usual had to give in to her in the end. Accompanied by General Schumacher, she climbed up to the most dangerous point of all. As may be imagined her

appearance was hailed with enthusiasm. Erect, strong, and bold, she walked through the very midst of the hailing balls. She stood long contemplating the scene, with the cool courage which never left her. Her behaviour made an indelible impression on all those who were witness of it. A Piedmontese shell exploded on the shore. It sent up a great jet of water into the air, and cast four little silver fishes at the Queen's feet.

On another occasion a shell fell into the water beneath one of the batteries. It threw up a large fish on to the outworks. The fish was one which the Neapolitans call "*spinola*," and which they consider a great delicacy. A sailor climbed down over the walls, seized the fish, and carried it up to the royal kitchen. The King and Queen accepted it with gratitude, as a welcome change in the daily fare, and the court were invited to dinner to partake of it.

The state of things within the fortress grew worse. Hunger and sickness increased. No further belief was placed in assistance from the Powers. Rumours of treason were darkly circulated among the garrison. The barracks were damp; the hospitals overfilled; and courage sinking. In the narrow and dirty streets the air seemed as if it had not been renewed for a long

time. A mixture of all kinds of evil odours filled the town. A French steamer, which was bringing in to the beleaguered town victuals, money, and munitions of war, fell into the hands of the Piedmontese under the very eyes of the besieged; an occurrence which naturally contributed to discourage the garrison in this time of tribulation.

People began to weary of continuing a resistance which could never lead to victory.

The King and his brothers still showed themselves regularly among the troops. The Queen was still untiring in her visits to the hospitals, comforting the sufferers and alleviating pain whenever it was in her power to do so. But the royal family themselves hardly believed longer in a favourable conclusion to the war. The correspondence between Napoleon and King Francis had been broken off on December 12, 1860; but on January 10, 1861, a steamship had arrived from France bringing a confidential letter from the Empress Eugénie to Maria Sophia. The Empress of the French had not minced matters, but had said openly that it would be well to give up the defence of Gaeta, which had cost so many lives, and that *it would be vain to expect help from Europe.** The Empress

* Underlined in the Empress's letter.

Eugénie's letter could not be misunderstood. The King saw that his cause was lost, and that his consort's burning enthusiasm had been wasted on a forlorn hope.

On January 27, he received a letter from Napoleon informing him that the French corvette, *La Mouette*, was so fitted out that their Majesties could make use of it in the event of the capitulation of Gaeta, and that it was lying waiting for them at Naples. Francis thanked the Emperor of the French briefly but warmly for this new proof that his friendship for him was unchanged.

It pained Francis to sacrifice any more human lives. Moreover, being unable to get at the money banked at Naples, which we have already mentioned in the chapter on Garibaldi's entrance, the unhappy King found himself in want of money.

Gaeta was now nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. Several powder magazines, which had lately exploded, had caused far more terrible destruction than the shells of the enemy. It was seen afterwards that even the casemate, in which the royal couple had taken refuge, would have been destroyed by exploding powder magazines had the bombardment continued one day longer. The garrison of the fortress still consisted of

twelve thousand men. Round about in hospitals and casemates were more than twelve hundred sick, most of whom were suffering from typhus, which had been raging the whole time. Father Borelli, who had remained in Gaeta to encourage and nurse the wounded, and also four of the King's generals, were among those who had died of this disease.

Francis addressed the Piedmontese commander and requested a truce, so that it might be possible to treat for a capitulation. He enumerated the following conditions for his surrender: the garrison was to retain its military honour, but would remain prisoners until the fortress of Messina and the citadel of Del Tronto had surrendered. When this had taken place, the officers and men were to receive their pay. They might choose whether they would enter the Piedmontese army or return to their homes. Pensions were to be paid to all those who were entitled to retire. The King, the Queen, and the other members of the royal family were to keep their freedom. They were to be allowed to go on board the French corvette, which had been placed at their disposal, and they were to have the right of taking with them those whom they wished to keep in their *entourage*.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DEPARTURE FROM GAETA

On February 13, the capitulation was signed.

On February 14, at eight in the morning, the corvette *La Mouette* entered the harbour of Gaeta. The Neapolitan troops were drawn up in a long line, from the casemate where the King and Queen had lived, right down to the harbour. Common misfortuue had begotten mutual affection between the royal couple, the garrison, and the inhabitants of the starving town. It was easy to see what the soldiers had suffered during these terrible months, as, ragged and starving, with the tears running down their cheeks, they presented arms for the last time to their King and Queen.

An eye-witness of Francis and Maria Sophia's departure from Gaeta has described the scene as unspeakably touching. The King was in an officer's uniform, with a sword at his side, and

spurs to his high boots. The Queen wore the round Calabrian hat familiar to us from the photographs taken of her at this time. The deposed monarch was as pale as death, and as emaciated as any of his soldiers. "With regard to the Queen," continues the aforesaid eye-witness, "I cannot say how she looked, for I was blinded by tears when I looked up at her." The townsfolk had hurried to the scene in great numbers. On every face were the traces of all that they had undergone during the past quarter of a year; but they seemed to forget their own sufferings in the great sorrow which had befallen their rulers.

When the King and Queen appeared, the manifestations of sorrow knew no bounds. The people rushed towards them with far more impulsive warmth than had the people of Bari two years before, when Maria Sophia landed as a bride in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. How much she had experienced during those two short years! How different was everything now from what had been then! Many of the bystanders sobbed aloud at the sight of this husband and wife, who were going so poor away. Most of them seized the hands of the King and Queen, and kissed them.

The same day Francis had issued a farewell proclamation to his troops, expressing in moving terms his gratitude for their self-sacrificing devotion, and for their zeal for the honour of the army, an honour which they had kept unimpaired. He should—he had farther said—in his exile always remember his soldiers' loyalty; it would be his great consolation in his vast misfortune.

When the *Mouette* passed out of the harbour, with the Bourbon flag at the masthead, a unanimous "*Evviva il rè!*" was heard from people and garrison. It was their last farewell to the dethroned King and Queen.

The royal couple were accompanied by the two young Princes, the Counts of Trani and Caserta, and by three generals. The French on board the corvette showed their guests all royal honours. The officers received them in full-dress uniform, and the blue-jackets were drawn up in rank.

The men-of-war lying in the harbour and blockading it, steamed up to the *Mouette*, to see what took place on the royal fugitives' departure.

The greatest difficulty of greatness is to fall with dignity. On the way from Gaeta to Ter-

racina, Francis and his step-brothers exhibited the most complete tranquillity, and talked amiably with those around them. The French officers, who were witness of their imperturbed calm, spoke admiringly among themselves of the King's grand manner of submitting to his fate.

Maria Sophia had stayed alone on the after-deck of the vessel. She leaned over the bulwarks, and gazed back intently at the rocks of Gaeta. The brilliant sky formed a discordant, almost an ironic, contrast to the thoughts which filled her mind—a gloomier scene would have been more in harmony with her sorrowful mood. As the corvette passed "Santa Maria" the battery gave her a royal salute. Directly afterwards, the *Mouette* swang round the point. The sailors lowered the Bourbon lilies, and ran up the French tricolor.

Maria Sophia's time as Queen was at an end.

This time had not been long; but it had been fruitful in events, and fruitful too in disappointment. She knew that she had come to the strange land with good resolutions. She had wished to take part in the great work for the good of the people, whose Queen she had been destined to be; but almost immediately after

their accession the people had turned against her and her husband, and had thrust them away.

She too had taken part in the defence of Gaeta, but the struggle had been in vain.

Early the next morning the vessel was to land the fugitive royal family at Terracina. One night more and she—the child of the open air—would find herself on Papal territory. She turned her gaze from the coast. The deck was empty. A cold wind had suddenly succeeded the brilliant warmth, and blew through her from head to foot.

CHAPTER XXVI

AFTER THE FALL OF GAETA—THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN IN ROME—MARIA SOPHIA'S JOURNEY TO BAVARIA—"THE HEROINE OF GAETA" IS DONE HONOUR TO BY THE WOMEN OF EUROPE.

After eighteen months of vacillating and self-contradictory rule Francis had been driven away from his prominent and dangerous position, a disappointment to the party who willingly and hopefully had welcomed him on his accession.

The news of the fall of Gaeta was received with jubilations in his former kingdom. The frivolous Neapolitans seized the welcome opportunity to arrange for all manner of festivities and buffoonery, to sing and dance from morning to night.

The day after the departure of the King and Queen the Neapolitan garrison also left Gaeta. Officers and men laid down their arms outside the walls of the fortress, and the Piedmontese by degrees occupied the fortifications.

We have seen in a previous chapter that the town had been destroyed. The royal castle was situated not far from the casemate which had served the royal family for lodging during the last couple of months. The garden at the back of the castle had suffered less from the bombardment than might have been expected. The Queen's camellias were in full bloom. But only a few minutes after the fortress had been taken possession of by the new troops they disappeared as if by magic. Maria Sophia's flowers were stolen by the Piedmontese officers. In letters to friends and relatives they were sent broadcast over the whole of Italy as a memento of the young defender of Gaeta.

A few days afterwards the citadel of Del Tronto opened its gates to Victor Emanuel's troops; and at the beginning of March Messina also surrendered. The Bourbon lily-banner vanished from Southern Italy.

A new morning flush was throwing its beams over the country as the exiled King and Queen landed at Terracina. The sky was clear; the air full of the fragrance of spring. But Francis and Maria were heavy of heart: they had left hope behind in Gaeta. Escorted by French dragoons they went direct to Rome where, as the

guests of Pius IX, they took up their quarters in the Palazzo Farnese.

Maria Sophia was not like Francis, a blindly believing Catholic and a humble resigned Christian. She had not wished to come to Rome, and she found no consolation in the friendship of the Holy Father. The King's stepmother, with her children, had also settled in Rome. Exile now constrained her to greater intercourse with her stepson, and this did not make the relations better between her and her daughter-in-law.

In the hour of trial we turn instinctively to our nearest for consolation. Longing for her mother in Bavaria seized the Queen with irresistible force. On one of the earliest days of May she started, accompanied by General Bosco, on a visit to Possenhofen.

The two years she had spent in Naples had been poor in happiness. She was a queen without a crown; she had lost all except honour. But home gave her new strength. Supported by her forceful vigorous mother, who herself had known sorrow, she felt safe and happy and courageous. When the family were assembled her eyes sparkled with their old vivacity, and her fresh, infectious gaiety was still there. Followed by her dogs she would walk along the dark glades, her

hands full of the Alpine flowers she had plucked. She felt herself happy on these climbing expeditions, when she could look down into the valleys in which she knew every house, for had she not given the children in these homes gifts, and brought them pleasure?

The whole of Europe was talking of the beautiful Queen's brave defence of Gaeta. Her energetic conduct during the siege had made this episode one of the few bright spots in the concluding chapter of the Italian Bourbons' history. Significant proofs of sympathy flowed in on her from all sides. In every country expression was given to the admiration that was felt for the "heroine of Gaeta." Most of the great European newspapers published her portrait, accompanied by a flattering article. Her bravery was sung in verse and prose. Her self-forgetful courage and her succour of the wounded were the more remarked upon in that her happy and sorrowless youth had been by no means a school for such trials.

She was the recipient of complimentary poems, addresses, and gifts. The princesses of Germany sent her a wreath of bay-leaves. The women of Paris gave her a sword of honour. One hundred and seventy ladies of the highest aristocracy of

Vienna presented her with a magnificent silver model of Gaeta, with its lighthouse. On the pedestal was an armour-clad angel with outstretched wings and drawn sword in the extended right hand. In the left hand was held a shield with the following inscription: "The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." At the foot of the pedestal, which was ornamented with the monogram of the royal couple, lay a lion as the symbol of bravery and generosity. Three bas-reliefs round the stand represented the Queen in the midst of the soldiers, by the bedside of the wounded, and standing erect on the fortifications. On the other side were engraved the following verses:

"Ein heller Stern in nachtumwölkter Zeit
So glänzt fortan, verklärt vom Strahlenlichte
Dein rürend Bild im Buch der Weltgeschichte
So krönen Dornen mit Unsterblichkeit.*

and

Ein Heldenherz in zarter Frauenbrust,
Ein Heldenschwert in zarter Frauenhand,
Ein Heldengeist, der keinen Schrecken kennt
Schwebst du, ein Lichtbild, über Raum und Zeit.†

* Helm. † Zedlitz.

CHAPTER XXVII

COUNT LOUIS OF TRANI MARRIES THE DUCHESS MATILDA OF BAVARIA—EFFORTS OF THE QUEEN-DOWAGER AND THE EX-KING TO REGAIN NAPLES—BRIGANDAGE.

The Queen-Dowager had not given up all hope that she and her children might return to Naples.

Her stepson having proved himself to be incapable of keeping his place on Ferdinand's throne, she now, more than ever, wished to see her own son ascend it. In order, therefore, to preclude disapproval of her efforts for this object in the Wittelsbach and her own—the Hapsburg—families she busied herself to bring about a marriage between her eldest son, Count Louis of Trani, and Queen Maria's sister, Matilda. A few months after the arrival of the deposed royal family in Rome she came to an agreement with Duke Max and the Duchess Ludovica on the subject of this marriage, the young couple never even having been asked if their wishes ran in the same direction.

It had been originally intended that Francis should accompany the bridegroom elect, when he went to Munich to make the acquaintance of his unknown bride, and that the ex-King should at the same time fetch back his wife. But the plan was given up. Maria Sophia returned to Rome after a month's stay in her old home, and in the month of May Count Louis journeyed alone to Munich.

He had several of the outward advantages that were lacking in his royal stepbrother. A pleasing exterior, an open and winning manner, and, moreover, a noble bearing. During the four weeks that elapsed before the marriage took place, the two young people had opportunities of learning to know one another personally. The ducal family, as usual, were living at Possenhofen, and the Neapolitan prince was accommodated in a neighbouring villa, by the Starnberg lake.

On June 6, 1861, the marriage took place in the Ducal Palace at Munich.

The following morning the newly married couple left for Zurich, accompanied by the bride's parents and her brothers and sisters. They travelled thence by way of Geneva and Lyons, to Marseilles, where a Spanish man-of-war was awaiting them to convey them to Civita Vecchia. On landing in this town they were met

by the King and Queen of Naples who accompanied them to Rome.

. . . . .

Francis II. on his return to Rome, had despatched a letter to Napoleon (dated February 16, 1861), in which he conveyed his thanks for the kindly interest shown by the Emperor in himself and the Queen, and expressed his sensibility of the consideration and obligingness with which the officers of the corvette, *La Mouette*, had treated them.

The exiled monarch did not as yet fully realise in what manner the foreign Powers regarded his position. Victor Emmanuel had assumed the title of "King of Italy." In consequence of this, Francis, on April 5, 1861, sent a circular to the rulers of Europe, in which he earnestly begged them to oppose everything which might come from the King of Sardinia, "who had received his power from the hands of the revolution."

Many persons were killed or injured by the eruption of Vesuvius, at the beginning of the year 1862. The ex-King sent the sufferers a sum of four thousand lire; the other members of the royal family giving together two thousand lire. In the letter which accompanied the dona-

tion the dethroned monarch says: "Howsoever small my means, I still am King. I owe my people my last drop of blood, and my last lire. The mite of the poor, which I send to-day, has perhaps greater value than all that which, in better times to come, I shall be able to do for my people." He was in exile the same good and pious, but weak, man that we learned to know in Naples.

It appears to be uncertain whether he had any intention of carrying on the struggle when, in February, 1861, he settled down in Rome. Hardly had he come there, however, before the Ultramontane and Legitimist party snared him in their toils; and he became the centre of a contra-revolution which found its outcome chiefly in brigandage. As an absolute monarchy Naples had been looked upon as the surest support of the Pope's temporal power in Rome. The poor population in the barren mountain tracts north-east of Palestrina and Anagni had long been the hotbed of brigandage. With the possibility of a guerilla war in his mind, Cardinal Antonelli had, in November, 1860, acquired that portion of the Bourbon army which had sought refuge in the dominions of the Pope. The mountain monasteries close to the frontier of the Papal States

were used as barracks and arsenals. Protected by these monasteries a few men at a time kept bivouac, receiving their means of subsistence from a neighbouring papal village. Papal gens d'armes and the stewards of Cardinal Antonelli's property informed them, by means of signals, when they were in danger from the French troops, which were stationed in Rome for the protection of Pius IX.

From time to time, shouting cheers meanwhile for the dethroned King, they made incursions into Neapolitan territory; but, as a rule, drew back hastily across the frontier, into the security of the papal dominions, where Victor Emmanuel's soldiers could not reach and punish them.

The French also had to protect the fugitives. The great ladies of the Legitimate party asked their friends among the officers to wink at the doings of the brigands, and, consequently, when the French succeeded in capturing a few of these banditti, they handed them over at once to the papal officials, who let them go their way. The Queen-Dowager spent a large part of her fortune in supporting the brigands, who performed their feats in the name of the royal family. Francis also gave all he could spare from the crumbs he had been able to save.

But the Bourbon court in Rome had not a single honest adviser. The Roman and French Legitimists spoke with supremest contempt of the dethroned King's *entourage*. Not one of the officers who were still loyal to him showed any wish to take part in a dangerous expedition to the interior of Naples; not one of them showed himself fitted for warfare.

Meanwhile the new Italian government had injured its reputation—especially in the eyes of foreign countries—by too great leniency, and by paying too much heed to public opinion in Naples. Many persons, on the fall of the old *régime*, had escaped from prison. In all breasts anxiety to benefit personally by the prevailing disorder was aroused. Garibaldi had endeavoured to bring about a certain amount of order, but the Garibaldians hated the new government, which in their opinion had taken from them all that they had conquered. They therefore undermined the people's respect for those now in power, by attacks on the Governor and his friends. Defeated interests added their voices to the general dissatisfaction. Many people found that the revolution, which had been called to life in the name of Italy, had not brought with it the happiness of which they had dreamed.

The adherents of the Bourbons tried to make themselves, as well as the outer world, believe that this general dissatisfaction was the outcome of the Neapolitans' desire to return to the old order of things. The Queen-Dowager, the King, and their partisans, exerted themselves to the utmost. They spread abroad the report that a Russian and an English fleet were being despatched to support the cause of the ex-King. It was rumoured that Francis had effected a landing in Naples, that he was master of the capital, and that the brave General Bosco was advancing at the head of an Austrian army.

As a matter of fact it was, however, neither Francis nor General Bosco who was advancing, but only the much-feared *brigantaggio*, who were subsidized by the overthrown dynasty. The strength of the brigand band had been multiplied by ten. The mob opened the gates of Venosa behind the backs of the National Guard, and, in the name of the deposed sovereign took part in the plundering of it. The bells of the town were rung. The *Te Deum* was sung in the churches, and the little town illuminated.

The most influential townspeople had to look on while their houses were looted, and their families maltreated. The brigands dispersed as

soon as the regular troops showed themselves. Banners, which they had brought with them, fell into the hands of the enemy; they bore the King's, his deceased mother's, and his consort's pictures.

These so-called friends of the King, however, re-assembled in other places, where they continued their work of destruction. In Melfi the riots took on a decidedly political character, due to the leadership of the aristocracy. A Provisional Government was formed. Here again, however, Victor Emmanuel's troops intervened, and with them joined the National Guard from other towns

King Francis's cause was lost. The pecuniary. sacrifices of the Queen-Dowager, of himself, and of his adherents had been in vain.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MARIA SOPHIA DISLIKES ROME—HER STAY IN BAVARIA—MISUNDERSTANDING AND RECONCILIATION BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE—THE QUEEN RETURNS TO HER HUSBAND.

MARIA SOPHIA took no part in her husband's and mother-in-law's efforts to regain the lost crown. She had no confidence in her husband's power of action, and she disapproved of her step-mother's intrigues.

As long as she had been Queen of the Two Sicilies she had, without so much as a thought, thrust aside anything that interfered with her liberty. Within the narrower bounds of a life of exile, and in the immediate vicinity of the Pope, it was not possible for her to do this in the same degree as before. She had no longer the power of a queen, and the Queen-Dowager now looked upon her with greater severity than when she sat upon a throne. The inactivity to which she was doomed in Rome chafed her high spirit. Whenever, and wherever, she could she sought to indemnify her-

self for the state of dependence into which she was forced, and for the *ennui* which was consuming her. She annoyed her mother-in-law, and others among those around her, by freaks and vagaries which were little seemly in a queen on whom, shortly before, had been turned the admiring and respectful gaze of Europe.

Love of animals was a characteristic of the Wittelsbach sisters. All the same there was an animal which none of them could endure, namely, the cat. When the Empress Elizabeth made her first voyage to Madeira one of these animals was taken on board the vessel without her knowledge, and against her will. She ordered it to be killed. The sailors, who thought it would bring bad luck to do this, were in despair at the imperial command, and when the vessel stopped at Gibraltar the animal was surreptitiously conveyed ashore. Round about the Palazzo Farnese, which the Neapolitan royal couple inhabited when in Rome, was a large park. This park was the resort of an enormous number of cats. The Queen of Naples made shorter work with them than did her sister, the Empress. We know that she was a first-rate shot; and as it annoyed her to see the cats scampering about in all directions she took her gun and made an end of a large number of them.

Although Maria Sophia by no means liked Rome she and her husband repeatedly refused invitations from the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie to make Paris their place of residence. For the time being they likewise declined invitations to live in Munich, Vienna, and Madrid. Francis took a villa at Castelgandolfo, on the hill of Albano, which they could inhabit in the summer.

Maria Sophia had never formerly been nervous or irritable, but she now began to be so. It was not to be helped that her husband lost by contrast with others whom she met with on life's way. On almost every occasion she saw men who were handsomer, more gifted, and more elegant than the ex-King of Naples. It is unlikely, however, that this would have prevented her from caring more for him than for all others if the marriage had stood from the first on a right footing. That the King when they were first married had not let her understand that he loved her, instead of awkwardly repulsing her ardent nature, was now avenged. The need of love which slumbered within her, and which her relations with him had caused her to repress, now burst forth with the violence of a stream of lava.

A Belgian officer took possession of her heart.

Maria was young. Her nature was fiery. Her joyless life became unbearable. She forgot that she had had the dignity of a queen; but she did not forget that she was a woman, young and thirsting for happiness, and that she stood alone in her own court.

Hardly a year after her participation with such bravery in the defence of Gaeta the newspapers announced that she had been attacked by a chest complaint, and that her life was in danger. With the approach of summer she left Rome, the Count and Countess of Trani accompanying her. The travellers took ship at Civita Vecchia and sailed thence to Marseilles. From there they travelled in strictest incognito, by way of Lyons and Strasburg, to Switzerland. In Geneva Maria Sophia was received by the former Neapolitan generals, von Riedmatten from the canton Valais, and Schumacher from Lucerne, both of whom had taken part in the siege of Gaeta. The latter invited her to stay a few days at his beautiful place in the neighbourhood of Lucerne, in order to rest after the journey. The Queen refused the invitation for she longed to see her old home again. General Schumacher then asked the honour of permission to accompany her through Switzerland.

On July 6, 1862, she arrived with her sister at Munich, the Count of Trani having remained behind in Geneva on account of indisposition. The enthusiasm for the "heroine of Gaeta" was still fresh and living. As on her former home-coming the heartiest reception awaited her both from the people and from her relations. The Queen of Bavaria presented her with a wreath of bay-leaves in silver.

On the evening of July 7 the whole of the ducal family went out to Possenhofen. Here the ex-Queen met most of her brothers and sisters, and the Emperor of Austria also went there on a visit.

Life had not proved of the brightest to the Wittelsbach sisters. It was no secret that the Empress Elizabeth's happiness had crumbled to dust, and that she had lost her health during her married life. Hardly better was it with Helena who, as we know, was married to the Hereditary Prince of Thurn and Taxis. Her ambitious hopes had been baffled when Elizabeth became the wife of Francis Joseph. This, however, had not disturbed the good relations between the sisters; and she had left her own home and accompanied the sick Empress to Madeira. But she was a woman disappointed in her marriage, and she became bitter in her disappointment. Matilda

of Trani had been married hardly a year. The Count and Countess were unsuited to one another in temperament. The young couple had no abiding city; no prospects for the future; and the present was over-shadowed by discord.

The whole world knew that the circumscribed life which Maria Sophia led in Rome, and also the climate, which did not suit her, had had an unfavourable effect on the ex-Queen's health. The mother's sharp eyes soon saw that something different, and deeper, was preying on her daughter's mind. With her clear and accurate insight it was easy for the Duchess to find excuses for her daughter's error. The mother had always loved this daughter more than her other children, for Maria Sophia had her father's sunny disposition. The mother had taken part in her joys; she comforted her now, in her hour of sorrow. Her forceful nature supported her, and braced her courage.

At the beginning of August the ex-Queen left the home of her childhood for the baths of Soden, whither she was ordered for her chest complaint. She went thence to the Castle of Taxis, to her eldest sister. The month of September she again spent at Possenhofen, with her mother and the Empress Elizabeth.

Francis still loved her, although he knew her

to be an imperfect image of the ideal he had thought himself to possess. Still, in the depths of his soul, faithful and humble, was an undying love for her. He and her family, each and all, in their way, tried to persuade her to return to him ; but her health had just derived benefit from her stay at Soden, and she had no desire to expose herself again to the Roman climate. At the beginning of October she retired to the Ursuline Convent at Augsburg. Her relatives visited her often, though they did not approve of this cloistered life, which, they considered, showed the more plainly to the outer world that she wished to live apart from her husband. They, however, gave up their endeavours to make her reconcile herself to matters at Rome, but earnestly begged her to come to Munich. The ex-Queen, however, liked the quiet silent nunnery, and refused very decidedly to leave her peaceful abode.*

Next to her mother, Queen Marie of Bavaria was the one to visit her oftenest at Augsburg. The two cousins had always been attached to one another. During a visit paid to Maria Sophia by

* Evil tongues affirmed that Maria Sophia gave birth to a child during her residence in the Ursuline convent at Augsburg, but this statement has never been confirmed.

the Queen on New Year's Eve, she at last succeeded in persuading her to exchange the convent for a castle in the vicinity of the capital. On January 10, (1863) Maria Sophia was fetched by the King and Queen, who accompanied her from Augsburg to Munich, where she took up her residence at the Castle of Biederstein. This castle is situated close by the English Park, and is one of the prettiest places in the immediate neighbourhood of the Bavarian capital.*

Again and again the ex-King of Naples made advances towards a reconciliation.

His wife's mood became changed by his untiring patience and affection. Perhaps, too, her eyes were gradually opened to the silent martyrdom which had been suffered at her side, and which she had only partially understood and realised. At the end of January the Austrian newspapers announced that the Queen of Naples was probably leaving Munich for Vienna, where she would meet her husband. The papers further mentioned that the royal couple intended to spend some time at Venice, and hinted that a visit from the Empress of Austria might take place there.

But as yet Maria Sophia could not make up

* The Castle of Biederstein, which was then the property of her father, now belongs to her brother, Charles Theodore.

her mind to go away. She continued to live in retirement at the Castle of Biederstein, received often the visits of various members of the royal family, and set about no preparation whatever for her departure.

A couple of months later she at last decided to return to Italy. On the night of April 13 she arrived in Rome, where she was cordially received at the railway station by her husband, the relatives who were living there, and by adherents and friends of the deposed Bourbon family.

She had been away nearly a year.

CHAPTER XXIX

MAXIMILIAN OF BAVARIA VISITS ROME—MARIA SOPHIA IS ILL—DEPARTURE OF THE EX-KING AND QUEEN FOR VENICE—KING MAXIMILIAN DIES.

Of all the monarchs of Europe King Maximilian of Bavaria was the one who had most warmly espoused and most loyally supported the cause of Francis II. Neither Garibaldi's victorious course, nor Victor Emmanuel's success in arms, nor the cry of "*Italia una*" by six and twenty millions of Italian voices had been sufficient to reconcile him to the new order of things.

The King of Bavaria had long been out of health, and in the autumn of 1863 his doctors ordered him a long sojourn in the south. He therefore decided to go to Rome, where Maria Sophia and her husband were living. So hostile were his feelings towards the new ruler of Italy that he could not be induced to take the shortest route to Rome, which would necessitate his setting foot on Victor Emmanuel's territory.

Although a bad sailor he travelled, in the month of October, through Switzerland to France, and at Marseilles took ship direct to the Papal States. On the journey through Switzerland he had been fairly well, but the sea-voyage was terrible. He suffered all the horrors of sea-sickness, and this, which in itself would have been of no consequence, was dangerous on account of his state of health. During the last hours of the voyage he had such a severe attack of his real malady that those around him thought his last hour was near. His physician ordered that at all hazards he was to be set ashore at once, but the sea was so rough that the vessel could not make the coast.

The suffering King's landing was effected in an open boat. Two mattresses were placed at the bottom of this, and the patient laid on them. A cold sweat covered his brow. His adjutant seated himself at his side; two men-servants and the courier huddled together at the bottom of the boat, and two sailors rowed it. In high wind and seas the boat was pulled to shore without mishap in the neighbourhood of San Stefano. Maximilian, when he landed, was more dead than alive, but the French consul did so much for his comfort that he was able the following morning to drive

to Civita Vecchia. The next day he reached Rome, and was received at the railway station by two of the Pope's cardinals, and the King and Queen of Naples.

Maria Sophia was still in an overwrought condition, and likewise in very weak health, but she was radiant with joy at again seeing her cousin.

The King and his suite took up their residence in the Villa Mattei. He felt better with every day that passed. On his birthday—October 28—he gave a party, which the ladies and gentlemen of the Bavarian Legation had arranged for him with taste, and where much gaiety prevailed. The King and Queen of Naples were present, although the Queen was so ill that her doctors earnestly desired her to leave Rome as soon as possible.

She herself knew only too well that the Roman air was making her worse day by day. But remembering the rumours to which her residence in Bavaria had lately given rise, and the difficulty his wife and the other members of her family had had in inducing her to return to her husband, Maximilian begged her to remain in Rome. Maria acceded to his wish. She was heartily attached to him, and she was anxious to be near

him. At the beginning of December, however, her health became so much worse that the King of Naples had to take her without delay to Venice, the doctors declaring that a change of air was necessary if her life was to be saved.

The relatives of Francis II. and Maria Sophia saw by degrees that life in Rome was not possible for this child of Nature. The relations between the husband and wife were much more cordial; and the state of the Queen's health gradually improved in the purer air of Venice.

The ex-Queen again cultivated her old passion for horses and dogs. Francis was unable to understand her taste; he could not accompany her on her rides; but he no longer raised any objection to her habits and wishes. From that time the Neapolitan royal couple spent only the winter months in Rome, the summer as a rule, being passed in Germany.

. . . . . .

The King felt stronger for his stay in Rome. His body physician was in hopes that he would be able to take him back to Munich in good health the following year.

A re-adjustment of affairs in Schleswig-Holstein had meanwhile become a burning question in Germany. King Frederick VII. of Denmark

had died. On one of the last days of November the news came to Munich of Prussia's protest against the new king. Chiefly, perhaps, on account of the South-German dislike of North-Germany as a Power the Bavarians sided with the Duke of Augustenborg. People's minds were in tumult, and the course of events was followed with tension.

In these circumstances the people wished to see their King among them. He was obliged therefore to start sooner than he had intended, and on December 11 left Rome to fulfil the wishes of his people. But he was still very ill; and he had hardly returned to his country before his condition grew worse.

Maximilian died three months after his return, deeply mourned by his people and kindred.

CHAPTER XXX

THE QUEEN-DOWAGER MARIA THERESA DIES OF CHOLERA—FRANCIS AND MARIA'S LIFE TOGETHER—CHRISTENING CEREMONIES IN HUNGARY—THE KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES HAVE A DAUGHTER, WHO SOON DIES.

In the autumn of 1867 cholera raged over the whole of Italy.

The Queen-Dowager, Maria Theresa, remained at her villa at Albano, while all her children moved to other places. Maria Sophia and her sister Matilda were staying in Switzerland, where the terrible sickness demanded fewer sacrifices.

Abandoned by her nearest, as well as by her court flatterers, Ferdinand II.'s widow fell a victim to the ravaging disease. Even her servants fled from her; and the only person who remained was a nobleman, a member of an old Neapolitan family. Although Maria Theresa's star had long since waned, he was faithful to her to the last. He tended her while she lay sick, and heard her last sigh on her deathbed.

The same night as she died he accompanied her —the only mourner—to her last resting-place in the neighbouring churchyard.

There had seldom been any dispute between Francis and Maria Sophia, seldom any real antagonism between them. After the death of the Queen-Dowager they lived together in a spirit of considerate attachment. Nearly always in company they visited her relations in Bavaria, and his sisters, of whom one was married to the Archduke Charles Salvator of Tuscany, and lived in Vienna.

Ferdinand of Austria who had been deposed from the imperial throne and now resided in Prague, was a personal friend of the ex-King of Naples. When Maria Sophia visited the Empress Elizabeth, Francis was in the habit of visiting the former Emperor.

In the winters in Rome the King and Queen often received visits from Maria Sophia's brothers and sisters. The Empress of Austria, in particular, was a frequent visitor. Elizabeth and Maria Sophia were almost as unlike one another in character as they were with respect to their lot in life; but neither unlikeness, time, nor space was able to decrease the sisterly love that had always existed between them.

Francis Joseph and his wife for several years had lived apart, but about the middle of the 'sixties a *rapprochement* took place betweenthem,* and after a period of nearly ten years since her son was born, the Empress, during a visit in Hungary, gave birth to a daughter. Maria Sophia was with her sister at this time. On April 25, 1868, the little Archduchess was christened in the royal castle at Ofen.

The Hungarians did all in their power to add brilliancy to the baptismal festivities. The southern part of the throne-room was turned into a chapel. The walls were hung with tapestry, and curtains of crimson silk. A masterpiece from the Belvedere picture-gallery did duty as a temporary altar-piece, and beside the altar were gilded prie-dieus for the Emperor and the infant's godmother, the Queen of Naples.

The joy that Maria Sophia felt on her sister's behalf was doubtless mingled with sadness. She herself was childless, and in a manner without a home. Beside the cradle of a child of her own, she would have had a new outlook on life, would have been another woman—that she herself knew. But a wound is not healed by looking

* See : "The Empress Elizabeth," Chapters XI. and XII.

at it, and it was not in her nature to give herself up to gloomy thoughts. The world had long been indifferent to her; only for the life of animals had this Queen without children kept her old interest.

She began again her old hard riding, on her restive unmanageable horses. One day, when on horseback, she was unfortunate enough to injure herself, and had, in consequence, to keep quiet for a long while. But during this time she received new proof of her husband's touching care and love; and the tie between them was knitted the firmer for it.

Maria Sophia's delight was indescribable when, after ten years of married life, on Christmas Eve, in Rome, 1868, a daughter was born to her. Four days afterwards the little Princess was baptized, Pius IX. being her godfather, and the Empress Elizabeth her godmother. She received the name of Christina Louise Pia, after her father's mother, her mother's mother, and the Holy Father, who himself performed the christening ceremony.

The happiness which the Neapolitan royal couple felt by the cradle of their only child was, however, but of short duration. The little Princess's life hung, so to speak, by a thread. She

died when she was only six months old, and lies buried in the Neapolitan church of the San Spirito at Rome.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE ROYAL COUPLE MOVE TO PARIS—DAUDET'S "KINGS IN EXILE."

With the removal of the French troops, from Rome, in 1870, to fight in the war against Germany, the Pope's temporal power was broken. Pius IX had to leave the Quirinal for the same bold conquerors who had driven the King and Queen of Naples from their throne and home.

Nor could Francis and Maria remain longer in Rome. As long as the Queen's parents were alive they continued to spend their summers in Bavaria. In the winter, for several years, they moved from capital to capital. The new government had confiscated Francis II's large fortune. It was now proposed to pay it back to him on condition that he formally renounced all claim to his already lost crown. The King refused to do this. "One does not sell one's honour" was his unvarying reply. After the lapse of a con-

siderable number of years he removed his mother's marriage-portion; but Victor Emmanuel retained the enormous marriage-settlement which King Ferdinand had invested, and which he had made over to his eldest son when the last-named married Maria Sophia of Bavaria. Nor did personal effects such as portraits and the like ever come again into their possession. They are shown to this day in Naples, in the Palazzo Capo di Monte.

In the 'seventies, Francis and his wife moved to Paris, where for the first few years they lived very modestly in a flat on the fourth storey. Although the climate of Rome had never been favourable to Maria Sophia's health, both she and her husband have been known to say that it was not till they were compelled to leave Italy that they really learned to know the rigours of exile. The King never gave up the hope that events might happen which would open the way for him to regain the throne of his fathers. Maria Sophia hardly cherished this hope. It is only the weak who stand and look back to times gone by. Gaeta's heroine was not weak. She had never wished to run a race with other queens, and she did not look back with any particular longing to her kingdom.

The dethroned King and his Queen lived in

Paris a lonely and silent life. They kept very much to themselves, defending their home against the most innocent curiosity ; and with the exception of the Queen's sisters, who came often to stay in the French capital, their former subject, Baron de Rothschild was their only associate.

Adolph de Rothschild—son of the fourth in order of the noted brothers—had been at the head of a large Neapolitan banking house. He had indeed given signal proof of his loyalty, for he had left Naples to follow the royal couple into exile, so that he might have nothing to do with the new government which had overthrown his ruler.

Neither Francis nor Maria ever forgot this fact, and while never accepting invitations to any house in Paris they made an exception in the case of Baron de Rothschild. They now and then took part in intimate parties given by him and his wife where, however, none were invited except those chosen by the royal couple themselves.

Shortly after the banished King and Queen had settled in Paris was published a book, by Alphonse Daudet, which in translation bears the title of "Kings in Exile."

The French novelist in this work has sketched

with a bold pen a picture of the heroine of Gaeta. The names are altered, Naples and Sicily become, for example, Illyria and Dalmatia. Gaeta is called Ragusa, and so forth. The similarity between the scenery of the book and reality is, however, so patent that it was never possible to mistake what events and personages it was Daudet's design to portray.

"*Les Rois en Exil*" has gone the round of the whole civilised world; and has everywhere been read with eagerness. Under an easily penetrated mask the reader makes accquaintance with "*il rè imbecille*," as the Neapolitans called Francesco, and Maria the Brave," as foreign lands called his Queen. Besides the hero and heroine the writer marshals forth the blind ex-King of Hanover and his self-sacrificing daughter, "*le prince d'Orange*," as the Parisians styled the then Crown Prince of Holland, the fat and jovial Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, and other exiled royalties, who had found an asylum in the capital of France.

Most of these personages appear only once, forgathered in the hall of the Académie Française. It is the fate of Francis and Maria only that we follow in the novel. The King is not truthfully delineated. The writer says of him that even "the strongest impressions did not dwell long in

this polished and caressing nature." . . . "He felt in awe of his wife's upright and reasonable character, always ruled by a sense of duty, and whose contemptuous coldness embarrassed him like a visible conscience." The pious, quiet, and modest Francis of Naples, who never tried to drown his unhappiness in pleasure, has not the most distant resemblance to Alphonse Daudet's Christian II.

It is otherwise with the writer's Frédérique—she is like Maria Sophia! When the domestic chaplain says of the Queen of Illyria and Dalmatia, "It is she who is the King, the real King," it is only what Europe said of the Queen of Naples and Sicily. The speaker continues: "If you could have seen her on horseback at the outposts day and night! At the fort of St Angelo, when the balls were flying thick, in order to encourage the soldiers, she walked twice round the top of the trenches, proud and erect, her riding habit over her arm and her whip in her hand as though she were quietly going round her own park."

Everyone who remembers this time will realise that this is a portrayal of Maria Sophia's conduct at Gaeta, and that the writer has neither added to it nor taken anything away from it.

Daudet in his book has raised a memorial in her honour, which, as living as the annals of history, conjures into being the picture of the last Queen of Naples.

It is to be regretted, however, that the heroine in "*Les Rois en Exil*" is a greatly idealised figure. Daudet's Frédérique is a queen to the tips of her fingers. She is the wife of a king and the mother of a son who will one day be a king. She is master of herself, always and everywhere, because it is her royal duty to show the world, self-control and calm. It is with right she exclaims, "Other women can be openly happy or unhappy, shed all their tears, and even cry out if their pain is too great. But queens !—alas, they must hide everything. A queen must preserve a lofty brow to uphold her crown, and it is not pride but the feeling of our dignity that sustains us."

Daudet never forgets that she is a queen, but he does forget that she is a feeling woman, and, lastly, he forgets that the daughter of the Wittelsbachs is his model. Maria Sophia is also dignified in adversity, calm under the hailing balls. Nevertheless there is a great difference between her and the heroine, the writer's creation. Daudet's queen lives but to reconquer the throne. To

return to Illyria, to see her son king, is the hope which upholds her strength.

Maria Sophia is in daily life far more a woman than a queen. The romance of her life as a heroine ended with the fall of Gaeta. She, who in her first youth promised so much, acted for so short a time, and stopped so suddenly has never since interfered in the course of events. The first months of her life in Naples taught her what it was to feel oppression. As Queen she learned to become indifferent to demonstrations of respect, and to despise flattery. The last days in her capital taught her the capriciousness of the world, and of men. Because she did not value her crown so much as did Alphonse Daudet's Frédérique, she has not to the same extent felt the bitterness of defeat. Because she asks for no honour she experiences no humiliations. The daughter of the Wittelsbachs will be herself.

One is almost tempted to add, "and be sufficient unto herself."

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS LUDOVICA.

The daughters of Duke Max and the Duchess Ludovica caused their parents many cares.

Helena, after a joyless marriage, had become a widow in the year 1867. Being in possession of conspucious talents for administration she had, during her son's minority, administered the enormous fortune of the Thurn and Taxis family. She had experienced the heartrending sorrow, in 1885, of losing her eldest, most hopeful son, Prince Maximilian, at the age of twenty-three years—an occurrence which had brought the despairing mother to the verge of madness.

Count Luigi of Trani had voluntarily shortened his life, having in the summer of 1888 thrown himself into one of the quiet lakes of Switzerland.

The ducal couple's youngest daughter, Sophia Charlotte, had been first betrothed to Ludwig II. of Bavaria, but the King in a manner insulting to

Sophia had broken off the engagement. She had subsequently married Ferdinand d'Alençon, the grandson of Louis Philippe of France. The Orleans family had been repeatedly banished from France; the Duke and Duchess wandered from place to place; and the Duchess was delicate and melancholy.

Duke Max, the cheerful, died after a terrible death-struggle on November 14, 1888, at the age of eighty years. The Duke—but not the Duchess—was spared the tragedy of Mayerling, when their grandson, on January 30, 1889, perished in such a terrible manner. Rudolph of Hapsburg had been his parents' joy, and the hope of Austria-Hungary. The attention of the whole of Europe had been directed on the intelligent young man. But he had put all hopes to flight, and had died a shocking death in an isolated hunting-box, of which the world did not even know the name.

One year after her grandson's tragic end, and two after the death of her husband,—January 24, 1890—the Duchess Ludovica fell ill at her palace in Ludvigsstrasse, in Munich.

The Duchess had hardly ever visited her daughters. She had always declared she would live in the air in which her youth had been spent,

and there also she would die. The doctors said at once that her condition was very serious, chiefly on account of her years. The hale old lady had nearly always gone through her illnesses sitting in her easy-chair. Although there was every sign that she would not recover from her serious indisposition—influenza and inflammation of the lungs—she could not be persuaded to go to bed.

Sophie d'Alençon had been staying with her for some time before she became ill; and her three sons were also in Munich. The absent daughters were informed by telegram of their mother's illness. On the afternoon of January 25, her condition grew worse; and at seven in the evening she received Extreme Unction, from the hands of her domestic chaplain. Nevertheless she would not go to bed, but remained sitting on her couch, where later in the night she sank into a doze. At three in the morning she awoke to slight consciousness, and shortly afterwards the last struggle began. At ten minutes past four death came quietly, and took her from her dear ones.

The Duchess Ludovica was eighty-three and a half years old. A great number of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren were gathered round her in the hour of death. All

knelt around her couch ; her son Charles Theodore closed her eyes.

With her died the last member of the Bavarian dynasty whose memory went back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and to the time of Napoleon the Great.

A few hours after her mother's death the ex-Queen of Naples arrived in Munich by the Orient Express. The Countess of Trani did not come till the following day. A little later in the same day arrived the deceased Duchess's granddaughter, Princess Louise of Hohenzollern, *née* Princess of Thurn and Taxis. The Empress of Austria was prevented from coming by illness.

The fine old Duchess had lived her days in retirement, and in quietness she had begged to be interred. In accordance with her own wish, she was buried at Tegernsee. Most of her children and grandchildren followed her on her last journey. Thousands of beautiful wreaths were sent to be placed on her coffin ; but flowers or wreaths were not necessary to express the feelings of her children. All had loved her, all had respected her, all had clung earnestly to her, both in happy and still more so in heavy and sorrowful days. Scattered as they were in the world, she, the good and wise mother, had known how, with

firm and loving hand, to bind them to the old home. They had been happy in being able always to come to her with any trouble they might have on their mind. Their sorrows had been her sorrows, and their devotion to her had been her happiness. It is difficult to say which, during the last few years, had been the more touching, the mother's tenderness for her children or on the children's side the deep intense love and care with which they sought to sustain her failing strength.

To Maria Sophia the Duchess's death was so grievous that the sorrow it caused her withstood every consolation except that given by time. With the closing of her mother's eyes was also closed to her her old home.

But it was not her parents' death alone which Maria Sophia mourned when occasionally, and always in strictest incognito, she visited the old haunts. It was the vanished times which rose up in her memory more clearly than anything she had since experienced, for her childhood and youth were as firmly rooted by the Starnberg lake as the trees under her windows in the park at Possenhofen.

CHAPTER XXXIII

KING FRANCIS II'S DEATH AND POSTHUMOUS FAME.

Some months after the death of the Duchess Ludovica her eldest daughter, Helena of Thurn and Taxis, died after much suffering at the age of fifty-two. The Empress Elizabeth was with her at her death, but none of her younger sisters, who had been long estranged from her, were present.

Maria Sophia went, after her mother's funeral, to the French capital, where King Francis had recently bought a house of his own. The ex-King of Naples had long suffered from diabetes. A Neapolitan nobleman, who visited the royal couple in Paris, and who has been kind enough to give me some information about their private life, was full of admiration for the Queen's self-sacrificing care of her husband.

The summer of 1894 was spent by Francis and Maria Sophia in Germany. Already while they were there several newspapers announced

that the ex-King's illness had taken a serious turn. This report, however, was contradicted. Late in the autumn the ex-Queen returned to Paris while her husband went for his health to the baths of Arco, in the Tyrol. More speedily than anyone could have imagined, death liberated the suffering prince. He died two days after Christmas, alone, as he had lived. Maria Sophia hastened at once from Paris to Arco, but arrived to find only his earthly remains.

Francis was refused a resting-place in the land of his fathers. The kingdoms and countries of his relatives did not even fly their flags at half-mast in token of sorrow at his death.

And yet up to the last the King had kept his faithful love of Naples. Sick and exiled he had carried his land in his heart. Whithersoever he wandered the rich splendour of the south, the walks, the Palace park, where sad and neglected he had grown to manhood, were always present in his memory. Even after his death he showed his love for his country: he left about a million lire to charitable institutions in Naples and Palermo.

His interment took place at Arco, on January 13, 1895. Duke Charles Theodore, with his wife and many others of the family, went there to

be present at the funeral and to comfort the widow. Besides the brother of the widowed Queen there followed in the funeral train the Austrian Archduke Rainer, the nearest male relatives of the ex-King, the Prince of Hohenzollern, Duke Siegfried of Bavaria, and others. Numerous persons of position and many officers of high rank were present, as were also various schools and societies with their banners.

A bright clear winter sun was shining over Arco as the body of the ex-King was borne to the cathedral for interment. Drums were beaten from two battalions of the Empress of Austria's Jægers, who formed a guard of honour. Sable clad persons surged through the narrow streets, and the bells tolled from all the churches in the little Roman Catholic town.

The procession stopped at the entrance to the cathedral. Here stood Maria Sophia waiting with her sisters, the Countess of Trani and the Duchess d'Alençon. Among those about her were several of her sisters-in-law, Charles Theodore's wife, and the Countess of Caserta with her children, also Austrian duchesses, the the Princess of Bulgaria, and other ladies of rank who all joined the procession.

Amid the thundering of cannon from the battery,

" Monte Brione," the King's earthly remains were carried into the cathedral, which was filled with the light of candles and the odour of incense. The ceremony of depositing the coffin lasted several hours ; the funeral service was performed by the Archbishop of Trient.

At last the doors were closed. But still the bells continued to toll on for some time over the little town.

. . . . . .

The King of Naples had lived without meeting with particular tenderness, and without winning much sympathy.

His history had been that of a life spent in renunciation. His policy had been firm when it should have been yielding, and yielding when it should have been firm. This former ruler, who had died in Austrian territory, had during the brief period of his reign been the cynosure of all the politics of Europe ; and his speedy fall had carried with it the downfall of a nation. He was doubtless wanting in foresight, but he was a good man and a good Christian. These two qualities he retained through all the trials of his life. He died, therefore, a respected man.

With a bleeding heart he had hidden his disappointments from the world. He had in truth

been as much a hero as the wounded soldier who lies on the blood-drenched earth without uttering a cry.

CHAPTER XXXIV

MARIA SOPHIA AS A WIDOW—HER LOVE OF SPORT AND OF ANIMALS.

The day after the King's funeral, Charles Theodore and his wife returned to Bavaria.

At her brother's earnest request Maria Sophia accompanied them, and took up her temporary abode at the Castle of Biederstein, where she had dwelt many years before at the time of her desire to live apart from her husband.

She had never felt happy at the side of Francis II, but their union during the course of years had developed into a strong quiet friendship, and she mourned his death deeply. Life in Munich became unbearable to her now that she was alone, and though her relations did all in their power to keep her there she soon returned to the French capital.

The pretended rights to the throne of Naples went, after the death of the ex-King, to

his brother Alphonso, Count of Caserta. While his widow was to enjoy the interest of a fairly large sum of money the childless King left the bulk of his fortune to this brother, whose marriage is blessed with ten children. The house which the royal couple had inhabited in Paris also went to the Count of Caserta, who, immediately after his brother's death issued a manifesto to the Neapolitans in which he declared that he maintained his claim to the double crown of the Two Sicilies.

Maria Sophia wished for greater space; wished to be no longer pushed and jostled against strange, and to her indifferent, persons. She retired to Neuilly, on the outskirts of Paris, where she spends the greater part of the year, living in great retirement. Her husband is dead. She is childless, and has no parents living. They are few in whom she is interested, and few are interested in her. It is seldom now that she shows herself in Bavaria, but she occasionally spends some of the winter months at Arco.

It was at first her intention to remove her husband's body to the ducal Wittelsbach place of burial at Tegernsee. But as yet the coffin of the last King of Naples stands before the high altar in the cathedral of the little Tyrolean town. In

this quiet spot, far from the noisy world, his widow kneels a while every day as long as she is at Arco.

The beautiful place has become dear to her. She moves among the visitors to the baths, amiable and gracious, with a glamour about her of the past—a past which people in these days have almost forgotten. The former Queen scorns the art of making herself valued, of popularity-hunting. But she is none the less a fine lady—fine in the best and truest sense of the word. She still fascinates all when she stretches out her hands in her hearty way, those finely modelled Wittelsbach hands, which have never been soiled by treachery.

The other months of the year she devotes to the real passion of her life: she has in Neuilly a stud where she trains racers, and thoroughbreds. It is not from bitternesss that Maria Sophia has drawn away from her fellow human beings, and she does not avoid them studiously, for her turn of mind has always been towards gaiety and gentleness; but she lives in her own world and she loves animals better than people. These animals never betray her confidence. They are never ungrateful, as men so often are.

In the mornings, at Neuilly, she rides through the sleeping town, past the low garden walls, till she reaches the wide open commons where, with her strength in reserve, she begins the hard riding of the day. On the ramparts of Gaeta, long ago in her youth, she risked her life without fear. Now, when she is older, it costs her no disquietude to daily brave danger. She is as youthful as ever in mind, as fresh as ever, as daring.

She associates in Neuilly almost exclusively with sporting people and lovers of sport. Of her own circle her sisters came in former days to visit her. The Duchess d'Alençon lived in Paris at this time. The Empress Elizabeth, and the Countess of Trani, came there often on their travels.

The portraits of these three show dissimilarity between them. Matilda of Trani stands out as the unsatisfied and disappointed; Elizabeth is the sorrowful; Sophie d'Alençon is the resigned, who has overcome the world. Maria is a complete contrast to the others; she looks calmly out on life, despite her years. Her sisters have, one and all, so to speak, met the troubles of life half-way. They have spoiled the pleasure of the moment by anticipating misfortunes which perhaps never came.

The Queen of Naples has not, like her younger sister, known the need of any kind of religious ecstasy to support her under her heavy trials. Nor, like the Empress of Austria and the Countess of Trani, has she needed to travel in order to dull physical and mental pain. She has taken the sendings of fate with fortitude and philosophic calm, and therefore she has borne them more easily than the others.

Maria Sophia lives as the joy of living interprets itself to her: in full gallop on her horse. In her right element she feels herself only when in the lap of nature, and among her horses and dogs. As a consequence of her open-air life she has kept her good spirits, and in a measure her good looks. She is always active, and therefore she still feels young.

But the fact that she prefers the companionship of animals to that of human beings shows that though she is the only healthy and cheerful one of the Wittelsbach sisters her life is none the less a tragedy.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE DUCHESS D'ALENCON AND THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA DIE—CONCLUSION.

MARIA'S sisters could not understand her unfailing good spirits, her indifference to misfortune, and to the passions which govern the world. And yet they were—as we have already seen—on the very best of terms.

Three years after the death of the ex-King of Naples the house of Wittelsbach was struck by a terrible misfortune. On May 4, 1897, the French capital was the scene of one of the most terrible catastrophes of recent years.

The ladies of the aristocracy had organised a bazaar for charitable purposes. The building in which it was held had been hastily and roughly put together on a large building-site, lent to them for this purpose by a private gentleman, and where previously a circus had stood. At the farthest extremity of the new building a cinematograph

had been placed. The bazaar consisted mainly of stalls from which the Parisian ladies of fashion sold what had been given them in the shape of *objets d'art*, ornaments, paintings, books, embroidery, and the like. A lamp was overturned, and suddenly fire broke out in the building. In a moment the bazaar was in flames. The exits were too few and, moreover, difficult to open, and a great number of persons perished.

The greatest lady present was the ex-Queen of Naples' youngest sister, Sophie d'Alençon. She was a very devout Catholic, and devoted the last years of her life almost exclusively to works of charity.

Those who were witnesses of this terrible scene, and escaped with their life, have related how the Duchess forgot her own fate for the rescue of those about her. "Let us first save the visitors," she said to those who tried to persuade her to save herself. A lady took her forcibly round the waist, and tried to drag her away; but she wrested herself free, exclaiming: "No, no! I remain here —I will be the last!"

She went back into the midst of the flames, again took her place in her stall, and with outward calm organised the departure of the young girls.

The whole of that night it was hoped that she might after all be saved. But the following day her engagement ring was found, bearing the monogram of Ferdinand d'Alençon, and it was now known with certainty that all hope of finding her alive was over.

Her body lay amid a heap of other bodies. The Duke could not recognise in the formless charred mass which was laid before him his wife's mortal remains. Neither could her son nor her servants recognise her. At last the expedient was hit on of sending for a dentist who had lately provided her with a set of false teeth. With the help of his notes it was at length proved which of the burnt bodies was that which had belonged to the Duchess d'Alençon.

Maria Sophia was at Neuilly while the terrible occurrence was taking place in the capital. What must she have felt when the Duchess was carried to her last resting-place! At her youngest sister's funeral the former Queen showed herself officially in the world for the last time. By the side of her brother-in-law, Ferdinand d'Alencon, she took her place near the high altar, in the church of St. Philippe de Rule, where a solemn mass was performed in memory of the deceased Duchess.

On September 10, her family was stricken with a new misfortune. The Empress Elizabeth's heart bled to death under an assassin's dagger, on the shores of the blue lake of Geneva.

On the sunny autumn day, which shone over Vienna when the Empress Elizabeth's body was conveyed to the Capuchin church, Maria Sophia was not present. Only in thought she sent her last farewell to this sister, who, in Austria, was deemed cold and unfeeling although she had a feeling heart, and whom the world called reserved and shy, although her soul was full of warmth and sympathy.

Many years have passed since the rose of the Starnberg lake was transplanted to the foot of Vesuvius; many years have gone by since Francis II.'s tottering throne fell to the ground.

Maria Sophia has long since buried the hopes with which she once looked out on life. If she has had a bitter cup to drink of, the world has not seen it, and if she still suffers she never speaks of it. She cannot endure to be pitied, and she does not wish to have reason to pity herself, for all the Wittelsbach sisters have this in common that they belong to those proud woman-natures which will not suffer others to pity them.

Far from the castle where she first saw the light of day, far from the land where she was Queen for eighteen months, and far from her husband's grave, Maria Sophia three years ago, celebrated her sixtieth birthday. As on every occasion during the latter part of her life she discountenanced any kind of ovation, but nevertheless she was sought out by the congratulations and blessings of countless persons to whom she had showed kindness.

The years, which generally write early the Runes of transitoriness on women's foreheads, have treated Maria Sophia gently. Her face has kept the radiant smile of the eighteen-year-old Queen of Naples. And she has still the youthfulness of mind which does not vanish because the hair turns grey.

It is not easy to know what she is thinking of as she moves about among her horses and dogs. Does she now and again look back on Gaeta, on the murk receding coast, as it was on the day when she left it for ever? It is probable. For it was there for the first and only time in her life that she displayed the gifts which Providence had given her. And the great moments of life are not easily to be forgotten.

Maria Sophia's is no pining nature. She looks

on her life without bitterness, but also entirely without pride. And if she knows what it is to long it is hardly for her lost sceptre and crown.

The memory of the struggle for the unity of Italy has been thrust back by newer events on the world's stage. The heroic defender of Gaeta has hidden the remembrance of her queenly dignity under the more modest title of "Duchessa di Castro."

When the time comes for her to go, the newspapers will waken to life for a moment the memory of an historical episode which is almost forgotten, and in obituaries once again will call her "The Heroine of Gaeta." But the soldiers who served under her, who are greybeards now, will remember how warm and bright everything became when she appeared ; they will see before them her kindly eyes, and her fresh radiant face.

Maria Sophia was a heroine for a day. But though she live for many years to come her picture in the annals of history will ever be resplendant with the brilliance of youth.

THE END

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